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RUSSIAN VILLAGE COMMUNITIES.

The Russian "Mir," or Village Commune, has in recent years acquired considerable notoriety in Western Europe. Historical investigators have discovered in it a remnant of primitive Indo-European institutions; and a certain school of social philosophers point to it as an ideal towards which we must strive if we would solve successfully the agrarian difficulties of the present and the future. "C'est une institution," said the usually cool-headed Cavour on hearing it described, "qui est destinée à faire le tour du monde!" Political economists, on the contrary—especially those of the good old orthodox school—condemn it as a remnant of barbarism, and as an obstacle to free individual action and untrammeled economic development. It may be well, therefore, that those who have had an opportunity of studying the institution, and observing its practical working, should explain clearly and accurately its nature and functions.

In the Russian Communal Institutions we must carefully distinguish two elements, the one administrative, and the other economic. And first of the administrative functions:

As an organ of local administration, the rural Commune in Russia is very simple and primitive. There is commonly but one office-bearer, the Village "Elder" (*Starosta*, from *stary*, old); but in the larger Communes there is also a Communal tax-gatherer. The office-bearers are simple peasants, chosen by their fellow-villagers for one, two, or three years, according to local custom. Their salaries are fixed by the Commune, and are so small that "office" in these village democracies is regarded rather as a burden than as an honour; but a peasant, when once chosen, must serve whether he desires it or not. If he can show good and sufficient reason—such as ill-health or frequent absence—why he should be exempted, the Commune will generally free him from the burden on condition that he treats the members present with *vodka* (rye-spirit); but the simple desire to escape trouble and annoyance is not considered a valid ground for exemption. The chief duties of the Elder are to preserve order, and to act as a connecting link between the Commune and the higher authorities. Beyond this he has very little power, for all the real authority resides in the "Village Assembly."

The Village Assembly (*selski skhod*), in the wider sense of the term, comprises all the adult members of the Commune. When matters of great importance are under consideration, the heads of houses alone take an active part in the discussion. I say the heads of houses, and not the fathers of families, because the Russian term *khozaïn* (head of the household) does not indicate blood relationship; and it frequently happens that the *patria potestas* is in the hands of the oldest brother or of the mother.

Thus, strictly speaking, the Assembly is composed of the representatives of families, and when the head of a family happens to be absent from the village, his place is taken by some other member of the household, male or female. In the northern provinces, where a large part of the adult male population annually leaves home in search of work, the female representatives sometimes compose the majority. The meetings are held in the open air by the side of the Church, or in front of the Elder's house, or in some other convenient place where there is plenty of room and little mud; and, except in the case of matters which will not admit of delay, they take place on Sunday or on a holiday. Towards afternoon, when all have enjoyed their after-dinner siesta—or it may be, immediately after the morning service—the villagers may be seen strolling leisurely towards a common point. Arrived at the village Forum, they cluster together in little groups, and talk in homely fashion about the matter they have met to consider. The various groups pay no attention to each other till gradually one particular group, containing some of the more intelligent and influential members, begins to exercise an attractive force, and the others gravitate towards this centre of energy. In this way the meeting is constituted, or, more strictly speaking, spontaneously constitutes itself; and the same absence of formality continues all through the proceedings. Two, three, or more peasants often speak at once, and when the discussion waxes hot, the disputants probably use freely such unparliamentary expressions as "*Durák!*" (blockhead), "*Boltun!*" (babbler), "*Bolván!*" (scarecrow)—sometimes even stronger expressions, unsuited to ears polite. Strange to say, these strong terms never ruffle the good nature of those to whom they are addressed, and at most evoke a retort of the *tu quoque* kind, which, if well put, produces roars of laughter. If we hear a shrill female voice rising above the general hum, we may be sure it is that of a widow, or a wife whose husband is absent. Some of these female members possess great volubility, and a considerable power of pungent invective; unfortunately their dialectical efforts are in part counteracted by a tendency to wander from the subject, and to make indelicate, irrelevant allusions to the private life and domestic concerns of their opponents. In general there are no attempts at speech-making, but occasionally some young "village Hampden," who has been to Moscow or St. Petersburg, and has brought back with him a jaunty air and a large dose of self-conceit, makes something like a speech, and enjoys the sound of his own voice. Eloquence of this kind is, of course, appreciated only by the younger members, and makes no impression on the bulk of the audience. Very soon it is sure to be interrupted by some older member with a laconic "*Moltchi*, krasnobaï!" (hold your tongue, fine talker!) and the abashed orator hearing the titter of his former applauders, mumbles out a retort, or hides his diminished head behind the broad shoulders of a comrade.

The subjects brought before these meetings are of the most varied kind, for the Village Assembly has no idea of laws limiting its competence, and is ever ready to discuss anything affecting directly or indirectly the Communal welfare. It may be that an order has been received from the higher authorities, or a recruit has to be given for the conscription, or a herd-boy has to be hired, or a day for the commencement of the ploughing has to be fixed, or the dam across the stream is in need of repairs. Such are a few examples of the matters discussed. The manner of deciding them is quite as informal as the mode of discussion. Rarely, if ever, is it necessary to put the question to the vote. As soon as it has become evident what the general opinion is, the Elder says to the crowd: "Well, Orthodox! you have decided so?" "*Ladno! ladno!*" (agreed!) replies the crowd, and the proceedings terminate, unless where the decision refers to some future contingency, in which case it is committed

to writing and duly signed by all present. Those who cannot write affix a mark in the place of a signature. It is not a little remarkable that these apparently unanimous decisions do not always represent the will of the numerical majority. The crowd rarely ventures to oppose the will of the influential members.

The Commune no longer possesses any criminal jurisdiction over its members; but in the outlying provinces, ancient custom sometimes proves stronger than modern legislation. As one instance out of many which have come to my knowledge, the following may be cited: In a village in the province of Samara, the Commune condemned a wife who had been convicted of matrimonial infidelity to be stripped, yoked to a cart, and driven through the village by the injured spouse armed with a whip. This will recall to many a passage in the *Germania* of Tacitus: "Pæna præsens et marito permissa; abscisis crinibus, nudatam, coram propinquis expellit domo maritus ac per omnem vicum verbere agit."

So much for the Commune as an organ of local self-government. Let us now consider it as an economic unit. In this respect it has certain fundamental peculiarities which distinguish it from the Communal institutions of Western Europe; and in virtue of these peculiarities it is often believed to be not only a Communal but at the same time a Communistic organization. How far this belief is well founded will appear presently.

The Commune is legally and actually the absolute proprietor of the Communal land, and distributes it among its members as it thinks fit, subject to no control except that of custom and traditional conceptions of justice. Further, the members are responsible, collectively and individually, not only for voluntary Communal obligations, but also for the taxes of every member. These are the two fundamental characteristics, and the two cohesive forces of the institution: a common proprietorship of the land, and a common responsibility for the taxes and other dues.

The Communal land is generally of three kinds: (1) the land in and around the village; (2) the arable land; and (3) the pasturage.

On the first of these each family has a wooden house, an inclosed yard, a cabbage-garden, and sometimes a plot for growing hemp. Here there is no community of ownership. The house and garden are hereditary property, on which there is only one restriction: the owner cannot sell, bequeath, or otherwise alienate them to any one who is not a member of the Commune.

The right of property in the arable land and pasturage is of an entirely different kind. Here each family has, strictly speaking, no right of property, but merely a right of terminable usufruct, and enjoys a quantity of land proportionate to the number of males which the household contains. In other words, each member of the Commune, as soon as he begins to pay the poll-tax and other dues, receives a share of the Communal land. Thus the amount of land which each family enjoys is proportionate to the amount of taxation which it pays; and the taxes, which are nominally personal, are in reality transformed into a kind of land-tax.

To render this system equitable, it would be necessary to revise annually the tax-lists, and to inscribe only the adults. In reality neither of these conditions is fulfilled. The tax-lists are revised at long and irregular intervals —only ten revisions have been made since 1719; and infants, adults, and octogenarians are all inscribed promiscuously. The revenue officers pay no attention to the increase or decrease of the population during the intervals between the revisions, and exact from each Commune a sum corresponding to the number of members inscribed in the last revision lists.

The evil consequences of this system, when rigorously carried out, are graphically described in an official document of the year 1771, which might have been written at the present day: "In many places," it is there said, "the peasants distribute the land not according to the

number of workers in each house, but according to the number of males inscribed in the revision list; whence it happens that, instead of the equality which ought to exist, some of the peasants have to bear a ruinous burden in the supporting of their families, and in the payment of their taxes. If, for example, in a family containing five males, there is only one able-bodied labourer, whilst the other four are children or old men incapable of work, the one labourer must not only plough and sow for the whole family, but must also pay the poll-tax and other dues for the four others as well as for himself. He receives, it is true, a proportionately large amount of land; but it is of little use to him, for he has not sufficient working power to cultivate it. Obliged to let to others the superfluous amount, he receives for it only a small rent, for his neighbours know the position in which he is placed, and do not give him its fair value. Besides this, in some places where land is abundant, there is no one to rent the superfluous portions, so that the unfortunate peasant who receives too much land is obliged to leave his share partly uncultivated, and consequently sinks to ruin."

To prevent these evil consequences, many Communes have adopted an expedient at once simple and effective: in the allotment of the land and of the burdens, each family receives a share not in proportion to the number of males which it contains, but in proportion to its working power.

This expedient has for the moment the desired effect, but the natural course of events in the form of births and deaths renders it necessary to modify from time to time the existing arrangements, so as to restore the equilibrium between land and working power. First, there is the natural increase of population. To provide for this, some Communes keep a number of reserve lots, which the young members receive as soon as they become capable of bearing their share of the Communal burdens. Other Communes make no such arrangements. Whether such a provision is made or not, it inevitably happens that in the course of a few years the old evils reappear. Some families increase, whilst others diminish or die out, and a general redistribution of the land and taxes becomes necessary. In the Steppe region, where the soil is even in quality, and possessed of such natural fertility that it requires no manure—where consequently it is easy to divide the land into any number of portions equal to each other in size and quality, and no one has a special interest in particular lots, for the simple reason that one lot is as good as another—the general redistributions are frequent. Under such conditions, annual redistribution is by no means uncommon. In the North and West, on the contrary, where the inequalities of the soil render it difficult to divide the land into lots of equal quality, and where the practice of manuring gives to each family a special interest in the lot which it actually possesses, general redistributions produce an economic revolution in the Commune, and are consequently made at much longer intervals.

As these periodical redistributions of the land form the essential peculiarity of the Russian Communal system, and tend to illustrate its real nature, I shall endeavour to convey to the reader an idea of the way in which they are effected. Let us take first a case in which the operation is comparatively simple.

All over European Russia, except in the outlying provinces, which may for the present be left out of consideration, the arable land of the Communes is divided into three fields, to suit the triennial rotation or three-field system of agriculture universally practised by the peasantry. The first field is for the winter grain (rye or winter wheat); the second for the summer grain (oats, buckwheat, millet, &c.); and the third lies fallow. When a redistribution has been resolved upon, each of the three fields is divided into an indefinite number of plots, according to the quality of the soil, and each plot or each category of plots—if there are several plots

of equal quality — is then subdivided into a number of long, narrow strips, corresponding to the number of "Revision-Souls" (males inscribed in the revision or census lists) in the Commune. Thus each family receives at least one strip—and perhaps several strips of different quality—in each field. This complicated bit of land-surveying, in which both the quality and quantity of the soil have to be considered, is performed by the peasants themselves, with the help merely of simple measuring poles, and is accomplished with an accuracy which seems to the stranger truly marvellous. The shares are distributed among the members either by general consent or by casting lots.

This is the method commonly employed in the fertile and more densely populated regions where each family desires to have as much land as possible, and demands a number of shares corresponding to the number of "revision-souls" which it contains. In districts, on the contrary, where the land is barren and the population scant, considerable modifications have to be introduced, in order to obviate the evil consequences above described. Here the chief question is, not as to how much land each family shall receive, but as to what share of the Communal burdens each family ought to bear; and for the deciding of this question the revision-lists supply only very imperfect data. It may be, for instance, that a family appears in the revision-list as containing four males, and consequently as entitled to four shares of the land and burdens, but on examination it is found that the household consists of a widow and four little boys. To impose four shares on this family would be at once unjust and inexpedient, for the widow could not possibly pay a corresponding amount of taxation; and the Commune, being responsible for the taxes of the individual members, would have to make up the deficit. Before assigning the lots, therefore, the Commune has to decide how many shares each particular family shall receive. In this difficult operation, it is guided, not by any definite norm, but by an approximate calculation of the working force or tax-paying power of each individual household. When we have said that the calculation is made not by one or two dictators, but by the Communal Assembly, the reader may readily imagine the disputes and scenes of confusion that inevitably take place. If the Communal land is merely sufficient for the wants of the members, the heads of families easily come to a satisfactory arrangement as to how many shares each one shall take; but if the land is superabundant or very poor in quality, each one naturally strives to get as little of it as possible, so that he may have less to pay. In the latter case the discussion is sure to wax hot, and a casual spectator may overhear debates of this kind:

"Come now, Ivan," says an elderly peasant, who has evidently an air of authority, to one of the bystanders; "you are a sturdy fellow, and you have a son there, a fine youth, who can do the work of two; you must take at least three shares."

"No, I cannot," remonstrates Ivan. "By God, I cannot. My son—praise be to God!—is strong and healthy; but I am no longer what I was, and my old woman is quite without force, fit for nothing but to put the cabbage soup into the oven! By God! I cannot."

"If the old woman is weak your daughter-in-law is strong—stronger than a little horse!"

A giggle in the outskirts of the crowd shows that the damsel referred to is among the spectators.

"In truth, it is not in my power," pleads Ivan.

"There is nothing to be said," replies the old man in an authoritative tone. "Somebody must take the remaining *souls* (shares). You must take three shares."

"Lay on him three shares and a half!" shouts a voice in the crowd.

This proposal evokes a confused murmur of "ayes" and "noes," till the noes gain a decided majority, and the ayes are silenced. A general

shout of "Three! three!" decides the matter.

"It is the will of the *Mir*!" remarks Ivan, scratching the back of his head, and looking down with a look of mingled disappointment and resignation. "And now, Prascovia, how much are you to have?" asks the old man, addressing a woman standing by with a baby in her arms.

"As the Mir orders, so be it!" replies Prascovia, turning down her eyes.

"Very well, you ought to have a share and a half."

"What do you say, little father?" cries the woman, throwing off suddenly her air of subservient obedience. "Do you hear that, ye orthodox? They want to lay upon me a soul and a half! Was such a thing ever heard of? Since St. Peter's day my husband has been bed-ridden—bewitched, it seems, for nothing does him good. He cannot put a foot to the ground—all the same as if he were dead; only he eats bread!"

"You talk nonsense," says a neighbour; "he was in the *kabák* (gin-shop) last week."

"And you!" retorts Prascovia, wandering from the subject in hand, "what did *you* do last parish *fête*? Was it not you who got drunk and beat your wife till she roused the whole village with her shrieking? And no further gone than last Sunday—pfu!"

"Listen!" says the old man sternly, cutting short the torrent of invective. "You must take at least a share and a quarter. If you cannot manage it yourself, you can get some one to help you."

"How can that be? Where am I to get the money to pay a labourer?" asks the woman with much wailing and a flood of tears. "Have pity, ye orthodox, on the poor orphans. God will reward you," and so on, and so on.

I need not weary the reader with a urther description of these scenes, which are always very long and sometimes violent. All present are deeply interested, for the allotment of the land is by far the most important event in Russian peasant life, and the arrangement cannot be made without endless talking and discussion. After the number of shares for each family has been decided the distribution of the lots gives rise to new difficulties. The families who have plentifully manured their land, strive to get back their old lots, and the Commune respects their claims so far as these are consistent with the new arrangement; but it often happens that it is impossible to conciliate private rights and Communal interests, and in such cases the former are sacrificed in a way that would not be tolerated by men of Anglo-Saxon race.

In the above remarks I have spoken of the working-power and the tax-paying power of the different families. These two expressions are in the purely agricultural districts practically synonymous, but in the villages where some of the peasants are artisans or traders, a single peasant who is a skilled workman or carries on trade may be more able to pay taxes than a large family which has three times his working power. This fact has given rise in some Communes to a practice which is certainly patriarchal, and seems to an Englishman decidedly Communistic. If a member of the Commune is known to make by handicraft or by trading a much larger income than his fellows, he is made to pay a larger share of the Communal burdens. "Come now, Sidor," some influential member will say to him in the Communal Assembly at the time of the periodical redistribution of land, "you make a nice heap of money every year, while we, poor orphans, toil hard and gain little; the land has become barren and the times are hard; you must take a double share."

"Ay! ay!" say a dozen voices, "that you can."

"I am not rich," replies Sidor, knowing that it is useless to oppose the will of the Mir, and feeling at the same time a certain pleasure in the consciousness of his own importance; "I am not rich, but I can do that. So be it."

And Sidor takes a double share, vowing probably in his heart to take it out of the Commune in some indirect way.

Another method of applying this same principle is as follows:—If a peasant is known to be making a good income as an artisan or shopkeeper in Moscow or St. Petersburg, his commune may elect him Village Elder, and then let him know unofficially that if he will kindly send ten or twenty roubles the election will be cancelled and he will be allowed to remain where he is. The Elder elect probably finds it more profitable to sacrifice a considerable sum than to give up his occupation and return to his village. Of course there is an appearance of trickery and injustice in such a proceeding, and such cases are often used as texts for discourses on Communal tyranny; but if we examine the matter carefully we shall find that the expedient is in reality merely a rude application of the principle of the income-tax. Unfortunately this charitable interpretation is not always applicable, for it sometimes happens that the money sent, instead of being paid into the Communal treasury, is used for a communal drinking-bout.

We may pass now to the third kind of Communal land, the meadow. As the cultivation of so-called artificial grasses, such as rye-grass and timothy-grass, has no place in the primitive system of agriculture practised by the Russian peasantry, the Communes reserve, if possible, a moist part of the Communal land for the production of hay. This part of the Communal property is annually distributed in the same proportion as the arable land among the families constituting the Commune, in one of two ways. The simplest method is to mow all the hay and then to distribute it among the families in the required proportions. But this mode has practical disadvantages, for the hay is often better in some parts of the meadow than in others, and therefore a mere quantitive distribution would be unjust. To obviate this injustice most Communes adopt the second method, which consists in dividing the meadow into an indefinite number of plots according to the quality of the hay, and subdividing these plots into family portions. Where this method is adopted each family mows its own portion, but all the families are obliged to mow it on a day fixed by the village assembly.

Besides these three kinds of communal property, some Communes possess a certain amount of forest, but the modes of enjoying it are so varied that I do not venture to lay down any general rule on the subject.

The ordinary Russian name for the rural Commune, *Mir*, means also "the world;" and it must be said that there is a certain appropriateness in the term, for each Commune forms in many respects a little world apart, and resists as far as possible all interference from without. Complete Communal autonomy was of course impossible after the creation of the centralized administration and the introduction of serfage. The Communes of the demesnes had to submit to the regulative interference of the Government, and the others to the irregular and arbitrary interference of the landed proprietors. But neither on the demesnes nor on the private estates did the *Mir* ever lose its primitive character. Even in the worst days of serfage the proprietors never habitually interfered with the fundamental right of the Commune, that of distributing the land among its members as it thought fit; and never obliterated the distinction, though they often shifted the landmarks, between the manorial and the Communal property. Amidst all the storms and struggles through which Russia has passed, the peasantry have ever clung with marvellous tenacity to their land and to their ancient Communal institutions; and all attempts to rob them of the one or the other have been met and frustrated by that dogged passive resistance which the Russian peasant possesses in such a pre-eminent degree. So far as the land is concerned that struggle is now at an end, for the famous Emancipation Law of 1861 secured to the Communes, under certain conditions and subject to certain modifications, the land which they actually enjoyed. The Communal institutions were likewise spared by

that law, so that in Russia at the present moment the village communities still closely resemble those of Western Europe before the feudal period. It is scarcely necessary to point out the use which historical investigators might make of this important fact.

The old notion, that Communal institutions based on periodical redistributions of the land are peculiar to the Russians or the Slavonic race, is now completely exploded. Already they have been found in a more or less complete state of preservation, not only among non-Slavonic but also among non-Aryan races, and there is a strong tendency among historical investigators to regard them as a necessary stage in the economic development through which a nation must pass in order to attain a certain stage of civilization. "Aujourd'hui," says M. de Laveleye, the latest exponent of the theory, "on peut démontrer que ces communautés ont existé chez les peuples les plus divers : chez les Germains et dans l'antique Italie, au Pérou et en Chine, au Mexique et dans l'Inde, chez les Scandinaves et chez les Arabes, exactement avec les mêmes caractères. Retrouvant ainsi cette institution sous tous les climats et chez toutes les races, on y peut voir une phase nécessaire du développement des sociétés, et une sorte de loi universelle présidant à l'évolution de toutes les formes de la propriété foncière." The more cautious conclusions of Sir Henry Maine tend in the same direction.

I have no intention of entering here upon an examination of this general theory; but I desire to say a few words on the part which the Russian *Mir* is made to play in the induction. It is always tacitly assumed that the Russian Communal system, as it at present exists, is a very ancient institution, which has come down to us almost unchanged from prehistoric times. Now this assumption, if not unjustifiable, requires at least explanation. The essential peculiarity of the Russian Commune in its present form is the periodical redistribution of the arable land according to the number of males, or according to the number of able-bodied labourers, and we have no satisfactory proof that this custom existed in any part of Russia before the seventeenth century. I know one district where the system is only now being introduced, though the land has been held by Russians for three centuries. The district referred to is the country of the Don Cossacks. It may be well to describe briefly the change which is there taking place, for it tends to throw light on the origin of the periodical redistribution.

In many of the Cossack Communes, or *Stanitsi* as they are called, it was customary down to a very recent period for each Cossack to cultivate as much land as he pleased, and wherever he pleased, within the Communal boundaries, provided he did not thereby infringe on the vested rights of others. The *jus primæ possessionis* was the only recognized tenure. When the possessor found that the soil was becoming exhausted—a phenomenon which generally appeared after three or four years' occupation—he relinquished the lot he held and took possession of some part of the Communal land which happened to be unoccupied. As the population increased this operation became more and more difficult, till at last in many Communes the whole of the Communal land was occupied, and each cultivator was forced to content himself with the portion of the soil which he actually possessed. Thus a direct transition was effected from unregulated Communal property to something very like personal property without any intermediate stage of regulated periodical distribution. The principle of private property, however, has not become consolidated. On the contrary, the old Communal principle has revived with new force, and the system of periodical redistribution above described is at present being introduced. In the causes of this phenomenon, which seems a return to primitive institutions, is to be found, I believe, the explanation of much that is peculiar in the Russian Communal system.

The causes of the phenomenon were briefly these :—as the population increased and no new land was obtained there was naturally formed a class of Cossacks without land. In a young British colony there would be nothing abnormal or inconvenient in the existence of a class of men possessing no landed property, for such men could act as servants to the possessors of the soil, or they could remove to some other district where land could be obtained. But neither of these alternatives could be adopted by the Cossack. Agricultural labourers are to be found only in conjunction with regularly organized farming, and are rarely used by small peasant proprietors ; and even if the Cossack could find employment as a labourer he could not in that capacity fulfil his obligations to the state. On the other hand he could not remove to another district, for the military organization attached him to the locality in which he was born, and was practically almost tantamount to the *glebæ adscriptio.* Thus, we see, the periodical redistributions of the land were the result of conditions which do not exist in a primitive state of society.

In a short article like the present, I cannot attempt to describe the analogous phenomena which I have observed in other districts ; but I may say briefly that a prolonged study of Communal institutions in this and other outlying provinces of Russia, and a careful examination of the documents relating to the *Mir* in former times, have led me to the following general conclusions :—

1. Where land is very plentiful the enjoyment of the Communal land may be left entirely unregulated.

2. From this unregulated enjoyment of the Communal land two transitions are possible : (*a*) a direct transition to private or family property ; (*b*) a transition to the system of periodical redistribution.

3. The chief causes which tend to produce the latter transition in preference to the former are : (*a*) restrictions on migration ; (*b*) a system of direct taxation imposed not on property but on persons ; and (*c*) mutual responsibility among all the members for the taxes of each.

That the latter transition has taken place in Great Russia—in Little Russia the principle of hereditary personal property prevails—is to be explained, I believe, by the *glebæ adscriptio,* by the adoption of the poll-tax system of taxation and by the introduction of Communal responsibility in taxation. If this explanation be correct then it must be admitted that the periodical redistributions are a relatively modern institution—a view that is strongly supported by all the older documentary evidence which we possess.

Thus we see that what may be called the Communal Epoch in the history of landed property comprises two distinct periods : the primary period, in which the usufruct of the land rests on the unregulated *jus primæ possessionis ;* and the secondary, in which regulated terminable usufruct is created by Communal decrees. It does not, however, necessarily follow that all tribes and nations have passed through this secondary period. Indeed we know of many instances where a direct transition has been made from unregulated Communal usufruct to complete personal property. All that we can venture to say in general is, that where the two periods have successively existed the primary is the older of the two. In this, as in many other instances, there is a strong analogy between social development and geological structure. Strata always occur in a certain fixed order, but it rarely happens that all the members of the series are actually present.

It is sometimes supposed that these periodical distributions of the land indicate a tendency in the Russian peasantry towards communism in the socialistic sense ; and it must be confessed that the resignation with which the peasant submits to Communal infringements on his personal rights and to various restrictions on his personal liberty of action seems at first sight to confirm this supposition. It would be unsafe however to draw from these facts any

sweeping general conclusions. The Russian peasant, so far at least as my observations extend, has very little sympathy with communistic ideas beyond the narrow sphere to which he is accustomed, unless when they take the form of a religious doctrine. His conceptions as to the boundary line tween the *meum* and the *tuum* are certainly in some respects extremely vague, but when a confusion occurs it will always be found to result in favour of the *meum*. Towards his former master, for instance, he is quite ready to adopt the principle: "What is yours is mine;" but he always accompanies it with the mental reservation: "but what is mine is my own." "You are our father," he will say to the landed proprietor, to whom he was formerly a serf, "and you should let the land to us cheaper than to others." But if the proprietor should reply: "You are my children, and therefore you should work for me cheaper than for others," the peasant fails to perceive the force of the argument.

A few words now in conclusion regarding the influence of the *Mir* on the material welfare of the peasantry and the probable future of the institution.

In the first place, we must say that the *Mir* has rendered an incalculable service to the Russian peasantry in enabling them to resist those manorial encroachments which in other countries have forced the agricultural population to emigrate or have transformed them into a landless, homeless proletariat. It must be admitted, however, that the question as to whether it ought not to be now abolished, as an institution that has served its time, is fairly open to discussion.

Those who advocate the abolition of the present system maintain that it is practically a modified form of serfage. Formerly the peasant was the serf of the landed proprietor; now he is the serf of the Commune. He is still attached to the land, and cannot leave his home even for a short period, without receiving from the Commune a formal permission, for which he has often to pay an exorbitant sum; and when he has found profitable employment in the towns or in some other part of the country the Commune may at any moment, and on the most futile pretext, compel him to return home.

All this is no doubt true, but it is in reality the result not of the Communal principle but of the existing financial system. The Commune has not everywhere the same nature and functions. In the southern half of the country, where the annual dues are less than the normal rent of the land, to belong to a Commune is a privilege; in the northern provinces, on the contrary, where the annual dues exceed the normal rent of the land, to belong to a Commune is a burden. In these latter the Commune has really taken the place of the serf-proprietor, and holds its members in a state of semi-serfage, but it must be added that for this it is not to blame. As it is held responsible for the dues of all its members, and as these dues exceed the value of the benefits which it has to confer, it is obliged to retain its members whether they desire to possess land or not. In short the Commune in this part of the country has been transformed against its will into a tax-gatherer; and it is obliged to use stringent measures, for the taxes are inordinately heavy, and it is held responsible for their payment. In the southern regions, where the dues do not exceed the normal rent of the land and where the Commune has more the character of a voluntary association we hear few or no complaints of Communal tyranny.

There still remains, however, the difficult question as to how far the Communal right of property in the land and the periodical redistributions to which it gives rise, impose hurtful restrictions on the peasant's liberty of action in the cultivation of his fields, and deprive him of the natural inducements to improve his land. This is one of the grand *quæstiones vexatæ* at present agitated in Russia and is much too complex and delicate to be dismissed with a few sentences. My own opinion is, that the *Mir if retained in its present form* may

have at some future time an obstructive tendency; but I believe that this pernicious influence might be removed by means of partial modifications—preserving intact the fundamental principle of the institution—that of securing for each peasant family a house, a garden. and a share of the land. These modifications should not, however, be imposed from above. The institution has vitality enough to be in no need of extraneous guidance, and is quite capable of making in its constitution and mode of action any modification that circumstances may demand. Peasant affairs are thoroughly understood only by the peasants themselves. Reforms undertaken spontaneously by the Communes will be much less sudden, less symmetrical, less formally perfect than those which might be devised by a bureaucratic commission, but they are sure to be more practically useful. Indeed it may be said in general that the friends of self-government in Russia should be very cautious in meddling with the *Mir*, for it is the only institution which has genuine, spontaneous, independent life in it, and does not require to draw galvanic vitality from the central authority. All the other organs of self-government in Russia are more or less artificial and ornamental, and might, without any social perturbation, be demolished by the power which created them. The *Mir* alone has deep roots in the traditions, the habits, and the everyday interests of the people, and any essential modification introduced into it suddenly by legislative enactment would be sure to influence deeply the whole social organization.

In the opinion that the *Mir* is an institution which will one day be introduced into other countries—*destinée à faire le tour du monde*, as Cavour phrased it—I cannot concur. It is a useful institution where it has been preserved, but it is incapable of being transplanted to a foreign soil. Even those who maintain that the ultimate solution of those agrarian difficulties which we may ere long have to face is to be found in the principle of agricultural co-operative association, must admit that the *Mir* is a rude, primitive instrument for the exercise of co-operative effort. In this, as in all other social questions, each nation must work out for itself a solution in accordance with its social organization and with the traditions, the habits and the spirit of the people. Russia has, however, in preserving her Communal institutions, perhaps stolen a march on Western Europe, for with the Commune as a basis, voluntary agricultural or industrial associations may easily be created.

D. Mackenzie Wallace.

MADCAP VIOLET.

CHAPTER XXI.

"RAIN, WIND, AND SPEED."

FIERCE and glad was the weather in which the *Sea-Pyot* spread out her great white wings and prepared for her northward flight. From over the tumbling Atlantic came varying gusts and squalls; the main-boom swung this way and that, and the loud flapping of the sails drowned the clanking of the windlass; rushing by went the huge green waves to the shore; and the hurrying clouds as they came sweeping over from the sea—causing the islands to disappear, and reappear, and disappear again—sent sudden showers across the vessel's decks and made the voyagers tighten up still further the necks of their waterproofs. Above and below the same confusion and bustle prevailed; nobody knew whether the fresh butter had been called for and brought aboard; excited questions were asked about the joints hung at the stern; and the voice of one tall person was heard declaring, in the most solemn language, that he would blow up the powder-magazine, destroy the bulkheads, and lash the taffrail to the top-gallant-mast if somebody did not help him to stow away the bottled beer. Then there was a sudden cessation of noise overhead. Gradually the saloon tilted over, and there was a muffled sound as of rushing water outside. When the person who had been stowing away the beer put his head, which was adorned by a huge sou'-wester, up the companion-way and looked around, behold! the *Sea-Pyot* was running gallantly out to sea, the tack of her mainsail still hauled up, and Captain Jimmy, with the rain running down his ruddy face, observing to a young lady who stood beside him that he could not as yet relinquish to her the tiller.

"This is a nice sort of day to start in," observed a young man, who was gloomily trying to keep the rain from getting inside the neck of his waterproof.

"What better could you wish for?" she answered, with a bright laugh. "How fast is she going, Captain Jimmy?"

The skipper glanced at the water running by.

"About echt knots, I think; but we'll get a bit more wind by and by, when we get round Lismore."

"Couldn't you let us have the topsail up?" she, asked, throwing a critical glance upward.

A shrewd, cautious smile appeared on Captain Jimmy's face.

"She'll go ferry well without the topsail in a little while; and it iss better not to be too eager. You will get plenty of sailing when we will be going up the Sound."

And indeed there was a good deal of sailing when once they had got round the lighthouse of Lismore and were beating up the Sound of Mull. A heavy sea was rolling down the Sound; the wind freshened further until it dipped the bulwarks of the *Sea-Pyot* in the rushing waves; and the voyagers, sitting on deck-stools up to windward, had to hold on by such objects as were handy to prevent their suddenly rolling down the slippery decks. Where were the mighty mountains of Mull and of Morven that they had gazed at from afar on many a still summer morning? The voyagers were close to them—running up the channel that divides them, in fact—but all that could be seen were but dim and vague shadows behind the cold grey curtains of the mist. Water and sky seemed one; the gusts of wind were also gusts of rain; the sea-swallows that flashed about, dipping, darting, and uttering shrill cries, seemed but as

ghosts in the aqueous vapour. And yet the voyagers appeared so little disconcerted by the weather they were encountering that their mirth grew wilder as the wind blew more fiercely; and the seas that came thundering on the bows of the yacht and sending showers of spray right over the crouching figures, were only met by derisive shouts of laughter. Only one of these figures remained silent and sullen. Mr. George Miller did not seem to enter much into the sport. It was the private notion of at least one of his companions that the plunging of the *Sea-Pyot* among the waves was rendering the young man uncomfortable; but such was not the fact. Neither the motion of the vessel, nor the fierce rain, nor the numbing position in which he was compelled to sit, was responsible for the gloomy preoccupation of Violet's suitor. He had, indeed, other things to think about.

Yet surely, on board a yacht, in such weather, there could be little to increase his suspicions. It is true that both Mr. Drummond and Violet were obviously enjoying themselves; that generally Mr. Drummond addressed to her his profound impressions of life on board the *Sea-Pyot;* and that, indeed, both of them seemed bent on amusing themselves just as if they were a couple of children. And then, when Violet went below, to see that the lad Duncan was properly laying the cloth for luncheon, and to assist him in ferreting out the secrets of the lockers, no one volunteered to help her but Mr. Drummond, simply because he had stowed most of the things away, and that in a fashion which no one else could understand.

That luncheon was rather a desperate business—as Miss Violet had predicted on her round of inspection. They were beating up the Sound, with a short starboard tack and a long larboard tack; and as the latter offered more continued quiet, while the vessel did not heel over quite so much, it was resolved that they should drop below as soon as the *Sea-Pyot* had her larboard tack aboard. Mr. Miller would remain on deck. He was not hungry. And very soon he heard, through the skylight of the saloon, amazing shouts of despair and shrieks of laughter, with now and again an ominous jingle of falling plates and spoons. In fact, the scene below was at first nothing but a wild scramble; for no sooner had the plates been got out from the locker and spread on the table than they immediately began to slide down to leeward, a stately procession which was joined by the ham, by a cold pie, and two decanters. Of course, there was a wild clutching at this object and that, all being secured except the cruet-stand, which had outstripped its companions in the race, and flung itself headlong, mustard, vinegar, and all, into Mr. Drummond's lap, who was not prepared for the charge, for he was clinging on to the bread-plate. When he had retired to change his clothes, and come back again to resume his place, order had been restored by a skilful arrangement of objects, and luncheon was allowed to proceed.

Alas! the time lost could not be recovered; and just as they were beginning to consider that life on board a yacht had its compensations, there was an ominous call above, "Ready about!" The yacht seemed to right herself; the table became straight.

"They are putting her about," observed Violet, who had picked up some slight knowledge of sailing in her travels.

But she failed to recollect that the ingenious arrangement of objects on the table had been successful with one side of the table up; now that side went down, and there was another wild stampede on the part of knives, bottles, dishes, and loaves. Nay, that was not the worst. In the midst of the confused seizure of these things—with Mrs. Warrener uttering sharp cries of warning—an awful sound was heard in one of the adjoining state-rooms. Mr. Drummond looked grave.

"You'd better go and see what it is, James," his sister said, keeping firm hold of the pie until it should be buttressed up.

He went, and came back with a serious face.

"My gun-case," he observed, calmly, "has fallen on the ewer; the ewer has been pitched against my bed; the bed is swimming with water; and the ewer is broken."

"Oh, James," his sister said, "didn't I tell you to put that great heavy thing on the floor, or in the bed itself, and not on a shelf?"

"Do you think," said he, "there would be much chance of getting the blankets dried on deck?"

The question was not so foolish as it looked, for when they went above again, they found that the rain had entirely ceased, the rain-clouds were withdrawing up the hills, and the great lonely mountains of Mull and Morven were being slowly revealed. What a desolate coast it looked in this sombre grey light! The dark and leaden sea broke in white along the gloomy rocks; gaunt grey precipices here and there led up to a silent wilderness of heather; and across the bare slopes of the hills the white mists moved like great troops of ghosts—armies that met and parted, that met and mingled together in a silent strife—obeying the mysterious behests of the spirits of the winds. And by and by a curious and suffused light began to declare itself behind these moving veils of mist; higher slopes of the mountains, hitherto unseen, became visible in a ghostly fashion; the glow of light increased; and then, as the clouds parted and passed on, the bright warm sunshine sprang down in their wake, and the mighty hills shone in resplendent greens and yellows. The decks of the *Sea-Pyot* soon dried up, waterproofs were thrown aside, and now the rolling waves had dashes of blue in them, where they caught the colour of the opening sky.

"That is the way with this coast," observed Mr. Drummond, who had lit his pipe, and contentedly stretched out his legs on the white deck, "the weather changes every thirty minutes, and the scenery every thirty seconds. Miller, why don't you go below and get something to eat?"

"Thank you. By and by," was the answer.

"Shall I go down and get some things out for you?" Violet suggested.

This was a kind offer, for the young lady had been entrusted with the tiller—under the superintendence of Captain Jimmy, who stood hard by—and she was amusing herself with various small experiments as to how near the wind the *Sea-Pyot* could sail.

"Oh, no; don't you trouble," he answered.

"Here, Captain Jimmy, take the rope," she said. "My arms can't hold out any longer. Come along, Mr. Miller: Duncan and I will get you something."

He could not very well refuse so friendly a proposal; and so at last he got up, threw off his waterproof, and followed her down the twisting companion-stairs. A small bell summoned Duncan into the saloon. And now Mr. Miller found himself the object of those very attentions which, since his arrival in the Highlands, he had observed Violet pay to Mr. Drummond. She played the part of handmaiden to perfection; and he could not do otherwise than appear grateful to her. And yet he was dimly conscious that her manner towards him was not that she displayed towards Mr. Drummond. She was solicitous about his comfort, it is true; but it was with a friendly half-patronising solicitude such as an old campaigner, if bent on kindness, might show to an inexperienced young person encountered by chance. It was in a very different way that she treated Mr. Drummond. With him she was all meekness and submission; she was content to remain a silent listener so long as he pleased to speak; such little services as she could render him were all done in an underhand, unobtrusive manner, as if she would rather not have them noticed.

"Don't you wait down here, Violet," said he. "I am sure you would rather be up on deck."

"Oh, no," she said, carelessly; "I have constituted myself chief cook and steward on board, for I don't think Duncan is up to much, and I must see everybody properly fed. As soon as you have finished, I want the table. I mean to surprise Mr. Drummond with an apricot-jam pudding at dinner; you will see his look of wonder when that appears."

"I should have thought so profound a philosopher would not have cared for such trifles," remarked Mr. Miller.

"It is because he is a philosopher," said Violet, warmly, "that he cares for both little things and great things."

"Including apricot-jam."

"I don't see any harm in any one liking apricot-jam. I like it myself—I am most particularly fond of it."

"Well, of course; you show yourself a most docile pupil all day long."

She took no notice of the sneer against herself, for she was bent on clearing her master and teacher from the charge that had been preferred against him.

"If there is anybody in the world that puts little store by eating and drinking and such things, it is Mr. Drummond. He is not one of the men who live only to get good dinners and a lot of money. He is the most unworldly and unselfish man I have ever seen or heard of."

There was a little extra colour in her face. The young man who was busy with the cold pie did not answer—perhaps he was afraid of saying all he thought just at that moment.

Violet rang the bell.

"Duncan, as soon as Mr. Miller has finished, will you clear the table, please? And get me the flour and things, and an empty bottle if you haven't a roller. When will the men have their dinner?

Duncan paused for a minute; his English was not fluent.

"I think, mem, when we will get into Loch Sunart."

"Then I will make a pudding for them, too; and you can have that first, for we shan't want dinner till seven."

"Very well, mem."

"Would you kindly ring the bell when you have finished?" she asked, somewhat coldly, of Mr. Miller; and then she turned and left the saloon, and went on deck.

By this time they had got well past Loch Salen, and right ahead of them lay the open Atlantic, with Tobermory lighthouse on their left, and on their right the gaunt precipices of Ardnamurchan Point running out to the ocean. The sun was wearing round to the west; and a warmer light lay over the vast panorama of mountains, shores, and sea. The wind had gone down a bit, too; and Captain Jimmy was looking forward to the time when, having got up to the mouth of Loch Sunart, he should be able to alter the course of the *Sea-Pyot* and let her run in before the wind to her anchorage for the night.

Mrs. Warren linked her hand within Violet's arm, and led her forward a bit, apparently the better to command a view of the open sea.

"Violet, what have you been doing to Mr. Miller?"

"Nothing," the girl answered.

"There is something the matter with him: you see that."

"Yes, I do," she replied, and then she said, with proud indifference, "I have done nothing to offend him that I know of. If he chooses to make himself unpleasant, how can I help it? Look at him now—reading a book and taking no notice of all this wonderful place. We may look forward to a delightful trip if he keeps on in that way."

"Violet," said Mrs. Warrener, gently, "you ought not to speak of him like that; you ought to make excuses for him."

"Why should I, any more than anyone else? I wish to be as friendly with him as with any one; but when I see him making this return for your brother's kindness in asking him to go with us——"

"Oh, James doesn't mind. Probably he doesn't see it."

"I wish I could believe he was seasick," said Violet, rather cruelly. "But it isn't that, for he has been smoking

cigars all day. People say that on board a ship is a dreadful place for making people quarrel; but we haven't been on board here long enough, surely. There is one thing, however, certain enough. A ship is a bad place to bottle up inflammable materials in. If he imagines himself wronged or hurt in any way, there will be an explosion,—and that before long."

She was right in that conjecture, as events were soon to prove; but in the meantime could anything be more peaceful and peace-suggesting than the scenes through which the *Sea-Pyot* was now gently bearing them? They had turned aside from the broad waters of the Sound, and were now running before a light breeze into a long and winding loch that lay between hills and mountains of singular beauty of form and colour. The solemn evening light, touching the higher peaks, seemed to add to the silence and loneliness of the shadows below, where the grey heron stood motionless under the black rocks, and here and there the dark head of a seal appeared in the smooth waters of the succeeding bays. It was without a sound that the *Sea-Pyot* glided past the successive headlands; but her arrival was announced from time to time by the far call of the curlew, startling the silence of the place, and awaking answering cries from other sea-birds along the coast. At length they sailed in to a solitary little bay, where the water was almost without a ripple, and here the impressive stillness that reigned around was suddenly broken by the loud, harsh rattle of the chain-cable as the anchor plunged. The curlews whistled their warning-note as they fled along the shore; the sea-pyots screamed shrilly as they flew away across the loch, skimming the water in their flight; a single heron, uttering a low, harsh croak, heavily lifted his long wings, and disappeared in the gathering twilight. Then all was peace again; and the darkness came gently down over the mountains, and over the still bosom of the lake, until one could scarcely make out the shore.

If the prosaic details of yachting had been prominent during the day, they were no longer so in the mystic silence of the night as the stars came out over the hills, and the ripple against the side of the vessel broke in a million sparks of phosphorescent fire. Then the moon arose; and the shore and the hills began to appear again in the growing light; until another world stood revealed, cold and silent, and still. The red glow of the cabin skylight was the only point of intense colour in all this pale picture; even as in the yacht itself, where peace and silence seemed to prevail, there was but one fierce and hidden fire—in a man's heart.

CHAPTER XXII.

THE MAGIC MERGANSER.

At this point, and in common courtesy to his readers, the writer of these pages considers himself bound to give fair warning that the following chapter deals solely and wholly with the shooting of mergansers, curlews, herons, and such like fearful wild fowl; therefore those who regard such graceless idling with aversion, and are anxious to get on with the story, should at once proceed to chapter twenty-three. There is no just reason, one might urge, why fiction should speak only of those days in a man's life in which something supremely good or supremely bad happened to him—jumping over the far greater number of days in which nothing particular happened to him—and thereby recording the story of his life in a jerky, *staccato*, impossible manner. Destiny is not for ever marching on with majestic stride; even the horrid Furies sometimes put away their whips; give a man a gun, place him on a Highland loch on a still day in August, show him a few dark specks swimming round the distant promontories, and he will forget that there is even such a thing as to-morrow. To write out the whole story of his life in this fashion would, of course, be impossible; for it would be twenty times as long as the longest Japanese drama in existence; while the death-rate among the readers

—say twenty-four in a thousand per annum—would interfere with the continued attention demanded by the author. But occasionally, in the briefest story, one of these idle and un-memorable days ought to come in, just to show that the people are not always brooding over the plan of their lives. Anyhow—and this is the long and the short of it three out of five of the passengers on board the *Sea-Pyot* are going in pursuit of mergansers, and the gentle reader is entreated to grant them this one holiday, which will be the last of its kind.

What else, indeed, could they do? There was no wind to take them out of the beautiful little bay in which they were anchored. When Violet came up and saw how still and clear the water was—small fish, "cuddies," could be seen at a wonderful depth—she immediately darted down again and brought up with her one of the bottles out of the cruet-stand.

"Did you ever see the most beautiful thing in the world?" she called out.

When they confessed they had not, she emptied, regardless of expense, the contents of the mustard-pot into the sea, close by the side of the vessel, and immediately the great shining depths beneath them were filled with particles of glittering gold, the sun gleaming on them as they slowly sank, and causing the sea to look as if it were so much *Goldenes-wasser* from Dantzig.

"That is a pretty trick, Miss Violet," remarked a tall gentleman standing there. "Perhaps you will kindly fill that bottle again?"

"Oh, yes, certainly," remarked the young lady, with much coolness, as she went below.

"Now, Jimmy," continued Mr. Drummond, turning to the skipper with whom he had been talking, "you don't really mean to say that a seal flung stones at you? Come now—I will make every allowance for winter-time—and idleness—and the necessity of stories—but you know, Jimmy, that is a little too much——"

"I declare to you, sir," said the yellow-bearded, brown-complexioned man, with some Highland vehemence, "it is as true as you are standing there. Is it stones? Tam him, he nearly felled my head off wi stones as big as your hand, and bigger. For I was in a boat when I shot at him; and I sah he couldna get down to the watter; and I knew that I had struck him. And when I got on the shore to run up to him, tam him, he began to fling the stones at my head, and he did not fling them as a man would fling them, but backwards, with his head turned away from you, and you should hef seen how he will catch the stones up with his fins, or his hands, or whatever it is. And there was no use waiting, sir, so I will run up to him as hard as I could, and I will fall on him then, and catch him round the head, and it was no more stones he will fling after I had the grip of him. See! sir, see!—there is one now—going into the weeds——"

About sixty yards off, making in for the shore, they could descry a round brown object, moving from side to side. Young Miller, who had his gun in his hand, instantly put it up to his shoulder; Drummond as quickly caught the barrels and turned them aside.

"By the ashes of my grandfather there shall not be a shot fired at a seal while we are in these waters. What is the use? If you wound him, he dives; if you kill him, he sinks; and if you got him, what would you do with him? The skin is worth nothing. Then he is the most harmless and gentle creature ——"

"Especially when he throws stones at you."

"Wouldn't you throw stones, or anything else, at any one who had peppered you with a charge of duck-shot?"

"Then what are we to shoot when we go out to-day?" inquired the younger man, with some resentment. "You have got up a regular list now of things that must not be touched. If they only knew, the birds and beasts might come on board here as a sort of sanctuary——"

"Well, I will tell you what we must

shoot. First of all, that abominable wretch, the curlew, for he is a screaming tell-tale, and he is likewise very good to eat. Then I believe those gentle creatures below are rather anxious to have some heron's feathers; you may shoot a heron or two when you get the chance—only they don't as a rule come and perch on the point of your barrels. But above all we must slay duck—wild-duck—the bird that looks inelegant in the air, but beautiful on the table—him we must seize by fair means or foul, else we shall have nothing to break the monotony of mutton for days and days to come, and we may even run short of mutton, if we come to a place where the postmaster hasn't been killing lately. Three or four miles from here, up one of the side lochs, Jimmy says the place swarms with duck, and there will be some that are flappers yet. I grieve to think of destroying these young things before they have grown tired of the world; but Jimmy says they are exceedingly good to eat. Of course, if these duck had any sense, they would give up eating grass and fresh-water weeds, and take to sea-weed, and shrimps, and young jelly-fish, and so on, until they grew as fishy as a fine, old, rich-flavoured solan. Then people would let them alone."

"But this is salt water we have here."

"Yes."

"And it is salt water in the loch we are going up."

"Certainly."

"Then what are the wild-duck doing here if they live on fresh-water weeds?"

"I don't know. How can I tell? I am informed that wild-duck abound here in great numbers; I have seen birds resembling duck swimming in the loch; I have asked if they were widgeon —no, they are not widgeon: that is all I know."

"Perhaps they come down from the mountain streams to have a swim in the loch."

"Perhaps they do. We will shoot them and ask them for an explanation."

It was about ten o'clock that forenoon that the gig was lowered and two stalwart young fellows got in to hand down the guns, cartridge-bags, luncheon-basket, &c. Just as Mr. George Miller had taken his station at the bow, the men on the thwarts, and Mr. Drummond at the stern, and as they were about to bid "Good-bye" to those left on board the yacht, it suddenly occurred to Miss Violet that she would like very much to join this shooting expedition. She pleaded earnestly. Mr. Miller opened his eyes wide, and said she had better do nothing of the sort. Mr. Drummond, looking up from his seat in the stern, said—

"Are you willing to have your ears dinned?"

"Quite."

"Are you afraid of being shot?"

"Not if I sit near you: if I were six yards off I should be."

This insult was too much.

"Give way, lads, give way," he called out.

"No! Don't! Wait a minute!" she called out also; and the men stopped.

"Please, Mr. Drummond, let me go with you, and I shall be most respectful to you the whole time. You want somebody to bring back the story. You could not, your two selves, begin to tell all the wonderful things you did. Please let me go!"

"Come along, then," and he rose and handed her down into the boat, where she took her seat beside him. In another minute or two the gig was well away from the yacht, making for a narrow channel in the loch between some small islands and the mainland.

"Now," said he to his companion, "you must preserve strict silence."

"Very well," she said obediently.

Having placed this injunction on her, he proceeded to descant on the quick hearing and long sight of birds, on the cunning of savages in capturing wild animals, on the instinctive yearning in civilised life for a brief return to the freedom, physical toil, and excitement enjoyed by the savage in his pursuit of game, and so forth, and so forth. She remained absolutely silent; but

there was a demure smile about her lips. It was not until he was proceeding to expound to her that the radical vice of the English political character was its contempt for parochial affairs—that every boy fresh from the University was prepared to reform the Constitution, but would not stoop to learn anything of the local raising and application of taxes, and so forth, that she ventured to say—

"Do I speak more loudly than you? How is it you have no fear of frightening away the birds?"

Just at this minute they were startled by a loud whirring of wings and a shrill whistle; and a large grey object was seen to flash along the front of the rocks ahead of them. Bang! bang! went two barrels at the bow—the bird flew on and disappeared. But now on all sides in this seemingly silent and deserted place a wild confusion arose. Half-a-dozen oyster-catchers flew out from the shore—their red bills and legs shining in the sun—and made away up the loch; everywhere there was a calling of curlews; a flock of sandpipers rose and twisted about in the air exactly like snipe; two or three herons, with slowly-flapping wings, and legs hanging down, disappeared over the nearest promontory.

"Why didn't you shoot that curlew?" Drummond called out.

The answer showed that the young man at the bow had been nursing a silent rage all this time.

"I should like to know how we are likely to shoot anything, so long as you go on talking like that," he said, sharply. "And I knew how it would be."

"Why," Drummond called out, good-naturedly, "the bird wasn't thirty yards off when he rose; you won't get such another chance at a curlew if you wait here twenty years."

"Well I think we may as well go back to the yacht."

"I don't think you can swim as far, can you? Never mind, Miller, we must keep quiet now. You needn't pull, lads; the current will carry us through those channels. Miller, keep a good look-out."

There was now no more about the instinct of savages or the taxation of Camberwell; for the rising tide, producing a strong current running up the loch, was carrying the cutter silently through certain twisting channels between the islands and the shore. The shore was at this point both rocky and wooded—young ash and birch coming down in many places close to the water; while round the islands the tide was still low enough to display a broad fringe of brown sea-weed. There was therefore every chance of finding plenty of wild fowl about.

Silently and stealthily they stole by the successive promontories, sometimes catching a glimpse of a heron heavily flying away far ahead of them, and again listening to the distant call of the curlew. Suddenly Miss Violet touched her companion's arm. A heron had come right overhead—flying from the shore it had discovered its mistake too late to turn right back—and was now making for the islands. Miss Violet put her hands to her ears; but she still looked up. The next second her head was violently shaken by the report of the gun; and a huge confused mass of feathers came tumbling down into the sea, some five-and-twenty yards off. When they rowed back for it against the current, and hauled it on board, they found it was a very large heron, about three feet and a half from bill to claw, and in very fair plumage. But they had scarcely got the heron into the boat when their attention was called to a flock of birds that had risen from the shores of an island near, and were twisting this way and that in the air, the flock showing white one minute and grey the next.

"Surely they're snipe?" called out Miller; and one of the sailors—who seemed to have as much interest as any one in what was going on—called out in reply—

"Ay, they're snipe, sir; see, there they're coming round now."

The flock made one of their abrupt wheels and swept by the bow of the boat some forty yards off. Mr. Miller

fired both his barrels into the thick of them—anxious to have the larder of the yacht supplied with such goodly prey—and as the birds sheered off to the left, Mr. Drummond sent a parting shot after them. Three fell.

"Only three after all that noise !" called out a young lady who had promised silence.

But what was their disgust on pulling up to the birds, and hauling them in, to find that in place of the coveted snipe, they were only poor little sandpipers, whose fatal resemblance to the snipe in their length of bill and manner of flying had brought on them this destruction. The disappointment of the shooters, however, was as nothing to the pity expressed by their gentle companion, who regarded herself as an accessory to this slaughter of the innocents.

"You can eat sandpipers," remonstrated Mr. Miller.

"You can eat thrushes and nightingales," was the retort, "and who wants to do that ?"

By this time they had drifted through the narrow channels, and the men took to their oars again. They were now in front of a broad and shallow bay, some four or five miles in circumference, the smooth waters of which reflected the tender colours of the great mountains lying between the level shores and the sky. In many places these flat shores showed long stretches of white sand coming down to the water's edge and there fringed with an abundance of weeds that offered excellent shelter for wild fowl. Indeed they could now descry, at several points near the land, certain groups of dark specks moving slowly in the water; at last they had come to the haunt of the wild-duck.

They had no dog, no stalking-horse, no flat-bottomed punt; there was nothing for it but to pull straight for the duck, on the chance of getting a shot when they rose and wheeled overhead. It was also very doubtful whether they could get anywhere near the land, the water in this broad and sandy bay being so shallow near the shore. Already in the far crystal deeps they could descry the long tangles of the sea-weed; they seemed to be passing over the transparent roof of a magical marine palace garlanded by the mysterious inhabitants of the sea.

The five birds they were now approaching showed no sign either of getting up or betaking themselves to the exposed sea-weed of the rocks, where they could easily have hidden themselves. They only swam a little more actively about in the water, obviously regarding the strangers, and perhaps drawing a trifle nearer to the shore. At last, Miller said—in a loud whisper—

"Shall I fire a shot to put them up ? We shall be aground directly."

"All right," was the answer.

Miller, who was crouching down, stealthily put the barrels of his gun over the bow, put the stock to his shoulder, and, taking a long and steady aim, fired. The silence of the bay resounded to the report. Then Mr. Drummond, jumping up to take better aim, looked round.

There was no sign whatever of the duck. Miller had seen the shot strike the water all round them and over them; but they had apparently ducked the flash so successfully that not a feather remained to tell of there having been there. The two sportsmen stood in the boat, gun in hand, in momentary expectation of seeing one of those black objects reappear on the surface of the blue water. They waited in vain.

Just then one of the oarsmen called aloud and pointed to three duck flying almost overhead, at a considerable height, and towards the stern of the boat. It was but a haphazard shot; but all the same Mr. Drummond put up his gun and fired.

"I have him this time," he said, as one of the three came down like the stick of a rocket and splashed into the water. Mr. Drummond paid no attention to the bird; he was busy in putting another cartridge into the empty barrel; but Violet called out—

"Where is that duck ? I can't see him !"

There was no duck visible.

"Confound it," said Drummond, "I never saw a duck like that before."

"I see him, sir—there he is!" cried the sailor Alec; and then the two men plunged their oars in the water and made away for the spot where the bird had come up—some hundred yards or so from where it had fallen. Directly, however, the duck dived again; and was no more seen, though they waited about the place for five or six minutes.

They would try again. They pulled across the loch—with curlews, and sea-pyots, and sandpipers screaming and flying before them—and again they drew near a group of those dark objects which were paddling in by the shore. On approaching them, however, these birds did make an effort to rise; but they could only whirr along the surface of the water for a short distance, whipping it with their wings as they went.

"By Jove, they are flappers," Drummond called out. "Pull away, my lads, you shall have a brace for your dinner."

The young duck could fly no further; they were swimming as rapidly as they could, looking round every minute at the enemy, who was rapidly gaining on them. At length, Miller called out—

"We must fire now or they will dive—take the outside ones first."

Again the silent bay resounded with the loud banging of the guns; and one after the other the charges of shot struck the water, churning it into a white foam. The seven birds had separated, swimming in various directions; so that the aim and effect of each shot were clearly visible. By rights four of the birds should have been killed; for apparently four charges of lead had struck down on them; but when the smoke had cleared away nothing was to be seen but one of the birds that was half-fluttering and half-swimming into the land. For a second or two they waited to see if any of the other six would come up again; they looked in vain; in their bewilderment they called on the men to pull after this remaining duck which was at least visible.

Visible? That had disappeared too.

"Will anybody tell me," Mr. Drummond asked, looking round in amazement, "whether we are in a Highland loch or in some confounded incantation-scene? Alec, my lad, do you really say these birds are wild-duck?"

"Ay, sir," said the young sailor, seriously, "it iss sure enough they are wild-duck, but it iss not easy the shooting of them, for the wicket teffles they will tife and hould on to the weeds at the bottom."

"No, no, no!" Drummond cried, scornfully, "no man will persuade me that these are wild-duck. Your mallard is a respectable and gentlemanly bird, and when you kill him he dies, and there is an end of it. Gracious powers, look at that!"

He pointed to the clear and shallow water; and they could see a sort of wavy track in it some few yards off. Directly afterwards they saw that this was a bird—probably one of the duck that had dived further out—swimming under water with singular rapidity and making for the shore.

"We must have this fellow, anyway," Drummond called out, "for there is no weed at all there"—and just as he spoke the bird bobbed up its head and neck and looked around. Drummond fired; the shot struck the water exactly at the proper place; but the bird had dived before it reached him. The bow of the boat grated on the sand; they could pull no further in. But once again the duck, finding no shelter, appeared on the surface of the water; and this time a snap-shot of Mr. Miller's stretched him lifeless.

"The wicket wee teffle, we hef him now!" remarked Alec, as he jumped into the water and waded across to the bird.

"Now let us examine this mystical creature," Mr. Drummond said, "and if it proves to be a new phenomenon—a being hitherto unknown to science—we will give it a name. I suggest *Anas magica*——"

"I should think *Jack-in-the-box vulgaris* would do," interposed Violet.

The mysterious wild-fowl was here handed into the boat. Certainly it bore all the outward signs of being a duck. It had the ruddy-brown and grey-speckled plumage of a duck; it had the white-banded wings and the tail of a duck; it had the heavy, waddling body of a duck; it had the webbed feet of a duck. The only apparent point of difference was the bill, which, instead of being short and flat, was long, narrow, and pointed, with a row of small, sharp, serrated teeth on each side.

"Alec!" Mr. Drummond suddenly exclaimed, "I believe you have deceived me. This is no duck at all."

"Ay, sir, it iss a duck," Alec maintained, adding philosophically, "and it iss ferry good for eating whateffer."

"Why, man, look at the bill—that bird lives on fish. He will taste like a gannet or a douker. Why—now when I think of it—surely it must be—I am certain this must be the merganser——"

"The what?"

"The merganser! I never saw one; but when I was at Oxford a man I knew there shot two of them, one very hard winter, quite close by the town; and I have a vague recollection of his believing he had shot a brace of wild-duck; Alec, you don't mean to say that you call this animal a duck?"

"It iss a duck—and it iss no others you will get—and ferry good they are for the eating," Alec maintained sturdily.

"Well, well, if you say so, we must try to get some more. How many cartridges have we fired? The merganser takes a deal of powder and shot; he ought to be good for the eating."

And so the luckless merganser was pitched beside the dead heron; and, as there was no use remaining in this bay, where all the birds had been disturbed by the firing (even the gulls were wheeling high in the air) the men pulled away for the next arm of this long and winding loch. The world had grown still again, save for the clanking of the oars. They saw one or two seals off an island lying out in the lake; their black heads motionless on the smooth water. At last they came in sight of a long promontory partly covered with wood; and here it was judged advisable that young Miller should go on shore, creep round by the wood, and steal out to the end of this promontory, while Mr. Drummond, in the boat, would lie in ambush for such birds as might be driven his way.

The young man went off—picking his way over the big stones and through the tall weeds that here lined the shore—and by and by they saw him crouching along by the landward hollows until he disappeared on the other side of the promontory. They awaited the result of his expedition in absolute silence. Suddenly, however, Violet touched her companion's arm. A heron—with an indiscretion that rarely characterises that most wary of birds—was coming slowly down the loch, and apparently about to pass the boat at not more than twenty yards distance. Indeed, he had got to within thirty yards of the bow—flying close to the water, and apparently quite heedless—when he sheered off a bit, and that so little that he remained within shot for at least ten or twelve seconds. Mr. Drummond did not put up his gun.

"One is enough," he said, indifferently, "you will have plenty of feathers. And that was a young one—both young and foolish——"

Here they heard the crack of Miller's gun; and directly afterwards it seemed as if these silent coasts had sprung into life. There was a calling and shrieking of birds—another shot, and still another, followed in quick succession—three or four herons appeared over the promontory (looking huge objects against the clear sky) and rose high into the air as they made for the mountains—a string of ducks was seen to shoot across the loch, followed by another shot from the point—and all about came flying curlews, and gulls, and oyster-catchers, the last flying most quickly of all, with their white and black plumage gleaming in the sun. Mr. Drummond had his gun in readiness for the curlews; but as they successively came down the loch they

caught sight of the boat and got easily out of reach. All except one; and that one had come over the bushes above before he discovered what was lying underneath. He gave a shrill whistle and altered his flight; but it was too late; the next second he was lying motionless on the still water.

At this moment they saw young Miller on the top of the promontory, waving to them with his cap.

"Pull away, boys," Drummond said, when they had picked up the curlew. "I suppose he wants to chase some more of these mergansers."

When they came up to the promontory, they saw several objects lying on the water, while at the feet of the young man lay a heron extended on the rocks. They picked up the birds for him—two sea-pyots and a merganser—and then pulled in for the shore, where they all landed to have luncheon.

"What's the use of shooting sea-pyots?" Mr. Drummond asked. "There were lots of curlew about."

"I shot what I could get to shoot," the young man answered, testily. "I haven't seen you shoot a curlew yet."

"You might have done," was the careless answer, "if you had been in the boat. However, I suppose the girls will be able to do something with the plumage—it is very beautiful."

"No, thank you, as far as I am concerned," Violet said; "I only wanted some of those grey feathers of the heron. It seems a pity to shoot birds for no reason at all."

The young man sat down to his luncheon in no very enviable mood. He was convinced that if Mr. Drummond had shot the oyster-catchers she would have found reason enough. Fortunately, he was not dependent on the caprices of a girl; and as he had come out to enjoy a day's shooting, he was determined to enjoy himself in his own fashion; and she might continue to show such preferences as pleased her.

Cold mutton, bread, and bottled ale are very welcome things when one has been plunging about in the Highland air for four or five hours; and then there was a soda-water bottle half filled with whisky for the sailors, who had their share of the luncheon in the boat. They were now within sight of the extremity of this arm of Loch Sunart, which is called Loch Tyachus, or some such name; so that whatever remained to them of shooting was confined within this long and shallow bay, which was even larger than the one they had previously explored. Moreover Alec informed them that there were always large quantities of duck up at the head of the loch, where a river came down to the salt water; and it was a matter for speculation whether, in this fresh water, there might not be some mallard or teal. To get a few ducks of this description would guard them against the risk of finding the mergansers, in spite of Alec's vehement assertions, uneatable.

"Do you see those cottages away up there at the head of the loch?" said Mr. Drummond, as he lit a contemplative pipe. "Fancy living in such a place—all by yourself—confronted day and night by those lonely mountains. One might get into a sort of apprehensive state—so that each morning you might get up and be quite surprised that the whole bubble hadn't burst up——"

"What bubble?" asked Violet, innocently.

"Why, the earth. You couldn't know much of history here; and even then history is but a point; the Romans knew no more of how they came into the world than we do; they and we are but as one in that—and in the point of time too—and to-morrow the whole business might be cracked up by a collision, and the universe go on without heeding that trifling and common occurrence. I don't see any road to those cottages. If the people come along this shore their carts must have strong axle-trees. And, in passing, a lurch might mix up two carts just as if they were railway-carriages. I remember a friend of mine, an Englishman, who used to drive his family about the country in a wagonette, and one day he came to that awfully narrow bit in the Pass of Brander, and just then he found the

coach coming down the other way. By rights he should have taken the outside, where there isn't a stone to save you from the brink of the precipice; but he swore to himself that no human power would take him to that side of the road. The coach came on; the guard blew his horn; my friend stuck to the right of the road, close by the hill. The coach came close up. 'Take your own side of the road!' bellowed the driver. 'Take your own side of the road!' bellowed the guard. 'Mes amis,' said my friend, with a shrug of the shoulders. 'Je ne vous comprends pas!' 'Take to your own side of the road, you unmentionable foreigner!' called out the driver again. My friend only smiled sweetly, and took off his hat with a most courteous bow. There was nothing for it. The guard tried to explain by signs: no use. They ad to lead the horses of the coach past on the outside; and then as my friend drove on, he kissed his hand to them and said—'Mes bons amis, je vous donne mille remerciments; je baise les mains à vous, messieurs.'"

If Mr. George Miller and Violet had been on more intimate terms they would have looked at each other significantly. Both had an awful conviction that no such person as this mock-Frenchman existed; that no such incident had ever occurred; that the whole thing had been suggested by the imagined difficulty of getting two carts to pass each other on the stony shores of Loch Tyachus. But they could not give utterance to these suspicious at the moment, for they were now summoned down to the gig of the *Sea-Pyot* by the intelligence that a large brood of ducks were visible farther along the shores of the loch.

There was a trifle more vigour in the pulling of the men after the luncheon and whisky, and the boat swung forward at a good speed. Once they were suddenly checked by the appearance of a bird sitting on the water a short distance ahead; but it turned out that this was only a small grebe; and so they proceeded. By and by they came near o the cottages; and they could distinguish one or two women, with a lot of children, who had come to see what strange intrusion was this. The birds were now but forty or fifty yards ahead, well in shore; and with a caution to avoid firing in the direction of the cottages—lest the *ricochet* of a stray shot should reach the children—Drummond called on his younger friend to fire on chance. A charge of shot dashed into the water; the whole of the birds dived and disappeared but one, that got up and flew out towards the middle of the lake, making a semi-circle round the boat. Miller, at the bow, having just put in another cartridge, fired his first barrel; and one could see by the direction of the smoke, wadding, and so forth, that the shot must have rattled all round the duck. He fired his second barrel, and again the direction seemed all that could be desired. Drummond, the bird having now got further round, also had his two barrels at the flying target; and when the duck was finally seen to get clear away from all these showers of lead, Miss Violet clapped her hands and declared that he deserved to escape.

"It was a merganser," observed Mr. Drummond, thoughtfully; "any other bird would have been killed four times over. Each of those charges went all round him—and yet he never moved a feather——"

The speaker stopped. What was this enormous bird coming flying down at a great rate of speed, with long neck outstretched and huge wings?

"Look out!" Miller cried. "A wild goose, by Jove!"

He had the first shot, and evidently struck the bird, which altered its line of flight; but before it had gone much further, a charge of No. 3 from Mr. Drummond's gun had caught the prodigy, which now fell head-foremost into the sea-weed.

"Put round the boat, Alec!" cried Miss Violet, in great excitement. "Now, that is something! Pull away, Alec—quick—quick!"

"He's dead enough" said Mr. Drummond, for indeed, the large bird was lying among the brown seaweed with its wings outstretched.

"It is as big as an albatross!" said young Miller. "And he got the full benefit of my first barrel before you brought him down."

But at this moment the whole complexion of affairs was changed by a singular incident. They now observed that one of the women was coming down to the shore, uttering a series of shrill sounds that appeared to be violent reproaches, and shaking her clenched hand in the air. Our voyagers stared at each other. What could be the matter? As she came nearer, it appeared she was an old woman, violently excited, and calling out to them in a language they could not understand.

"We cannot have hurt anybody," said Mr. Drummond; "there was no firing anywhere near the direction of the cottages."

"I think it wass the goose, sir," said Alec, gravely.

"The goose?"

"Ay; I think the goose wass belonging to the old woman."

An awful possibility flashed into their minds. By this time they had run the boat in among the stones; and they got out and went up to the old woman, who, still scolding away in this unknown tongue, was standing by the body of the dead bird. When they regarded the luckless animal their fears were confirmed. It was, in fact, a respectable old gander.

"Gracious heavens! Alec," cried Drummond, "will you explain the matter to this furious old woman? Tell her that geese in our country don't go flying out to sea and pretending to be wild birds. Tell her this old gander fell a prey to his vanity. Tell her——"

But Miss Violet had taken a better way of silencing the old woman. She had put a couple of sovereigns in her hand and held them out. The old woman ceased her angry denunciations and regarded the coin with a suspicious curiosity. She took them up, looked at them, bit them with her teeth; then she called aloud for her neighbour, a younger woman, who was shyly standing at some little distance. The latter came timidly forward, and, when appealed to, looked at the sovereigns. The result of the examination was not favourable.

"Na, na!" the old woman cried; and she was beginning once more to denounce the wanton cruelty of the strangers when Alec, in as forcible Gaelic as her own, broke in upon her.

What ensued, of course, our travellers could not tell; they could only guess from gestures and tones. At length Alec said, with a sort of bashful smile—

"She'll no tek the English money, sir. She thinks that you intended to kill her gander, sir——"

"Why don't you tell her that such a fool of a bird richly deserves its fate?"

"She says if you will pay for it, it must be in good money——"

"Does she mean in one-pound notes?"

"Yes, sir."

This was awkward. Not one of them had a Scotch note. Seeing their dilemma, Alec said, with some hesitation—

"I hef one or two notes, sir——"

"All right, Alec. Let's have a couple of them; and here are two good English sovereigns."

"Ay," said Alec, with still greater embarrassment, "but they are sewn up in the waistband of my troosers, sir——"

"All right—cut them out—you can sew them up afterwards."

"Ay, sir," said Alec, looking very doubtfully at his master, "but I will hef to tek the troosers off——"

"Oh, I see," said Mr. Drummond, hastily. "Well, off you go up to the cottage; turn the children out; and get the money. I am sorry to spoil your clothes for you, but you shall all have an extra glass of grog tonight——"

"And you shall have a pudding for to-morrow's dinner, seeing it's Sunday," added Violet.

"And a merganser apiece," suggested Mr. Miller, with a laugh.

It was not without a great deal of arguing that the old woman would

consent to Alec's going up to the cottage, for she evidently suspected he meant to steal her fowls; and when, at length, she allowed him to go, she went with him as guard, while she left her neighbour to look after the others, lest they should run away with the gander and leave Alec as an unprofitable hostess.

Moreover when they came back from the cottage, they were still arguing and quarrelling.

"What is the matter now, Alec? Haven't you found the money?"

"Ay, I hef the money," said the young sailor, showing the two notes in his hand, "but the old witch she will want the money and the goose too; an' I will say to her she gets far too much for the goose; and when the goose is paid for, it will be no longer belonging to her——"

"Never mind, Alec. Give the old woman the money, and her gander too. They were together in their lives, and in death they shall not be divided. Get into the boat, young people. Good day to you, old lady; beware of keeping vain and pretentious ganders."

So they stood out to sea again, resolved to commit no further farm-yard depredations. And indeed they were fairly successful in another direction; for, having by slow degrees worked this way and that across the loch, they had driven the birds up to the shallow water at its extremity, and here the sea-fowl would inevitably pass them again rather than go inland. As for the wild-duck which Alec had prophesied would be found in large numbers around the estuary of the small river, they discovered that these were but the ubiquitous merganser; and as grave doubts existed as to whether the flesh of the merganser was worth its salt, they were more intent on getting a few curlews, with perhaps a golden plover or two, several of which they had observed beyond range. Certainly, when they got up to the head of the loch, there was no lack of birds. In every direction there were cries and warning whistles, some flocks rising in a body and making off round the shore, others separating in confusion and making straight back down the loch. It was out of the latter that they made their bag. In the noise and confusion, even the wary curlew occasionally came right over the gig, and there was a sufficiently fierce discharge of ammunition. Product of the day's expedition: two herons, five mergansers, five curlews, two oyster-catchers, and three sandpipers. Missing, a gander.

It was a long pull back to the yacht, and Mr. Drummond and Miller were for taking a turn at the oars. But the young fellows would not hear of that; perhaps they were cheered up by the promise of a feast on the morrow.

And so the gig glided down between the silent shores of Loch Tyachus—and passed the islands where the seals were still to be seen—and got through the narrow channels back into the bay of Loch Sunart where the *Sea-Pyot* lay at her moorings. It had been a long, busy, enjoyable day; to all appearance no gloomy surmises, no anxious thoughts had interfered with the pleasures of holiday-making.

Violet knew nothing of these surmises and anxieties; and yet she could not help asking herself how it was that Mr. Drummond sometimes spoke as he had spoken while they sate on the rocks after luncheon—as if the world had nothing further for him—as if life were of but little account. It is true that these utterances had no taint of envy nor even of disappointment in them; perhaps, indeed, they were more the result of haphazard fancies than the expression of personal feeling; and yet she did not fail to detect in them an under-note of sadness. She knew there was no sacrifice she would not gladly undertake for the happiness of this the best of all her friends; but how could she, she asked herself, a mere girl, affect this man's estimate of life? She was his pupil, not his teacher.

CHAPTER XXIII.

A CRISIS.

But Mr. George Miller had no intention of nursing his wrath in silence. If his

suspicions were correct—and his suspicions had almost become convictions he would have the matter out at once. He was not to be kept dangling after a woman who was secretly in love with somebody else; if that were so, better for every one concerned that the truth should be known and the farce come to an end.

He had not to wait long to bring matters to a crisis. Next day was Sunday—a beautiful, still, brilliant day, with the sunlight lying warm on the greys and purples of rock and heather, on the bare scaurs of the granite mountains, on the light blue stretches of water around the islands—and of course church and chapel were alike unknown in this remote and solitary place. In the perfect silence they could vaguely hear, through the open hatchway of the forecastle, the voice of one of the men reading from a Gaelic Bible to his companions. Mr. Drummond, lying at full length on the deck, partly sheltered from the sun by the shadow of the gig, was deeply immersed in a book and paid no attention to anything that was going on. He would not even stir when the others proposed to go on shore; and so Young Miller hauled up the dingey to the side of the yacht, put the ladies into it, and himself rowed them in to the land.

It was a beautiful place to idle through, on this bright, warm day. A road, skirting the sea, took them through a wilderness of rock and ferns, of heather and young birch-trees, of honeysuckle bushes and rowan-trees scarlet with berries; it led them past mountain-streams that came tumbling down narrow glens into clear brown pools; it took them through woods of young oak and ash; it led them away up the side of a mountain, and there, turning round and looking back, they beheld a marvellous net-work of islands—resembling a raised map—lying in the still blue water, each island having a fringe of yellow seaweed round its shores. Apparently the only inhabitants of the place were the wild duck swimming off the nearest point, the invisible curlew that kept whistling and calling each other, and a solitary heron standing among the sea-weed, like the grey ghost of a bird among the rich brown.

George Miller did not notice many of these things; he was too impatiently waiting for a chance of speaking privately with Violet; and at first it seemed as though he never would get that chance, for the girl kept well up with Mrs. Warrener and her daughter, who were in front, and of course he could not ask her to linger behind. At last, however, the opportunity occurred. They had to cross a deep glen by means of a wooden bridge that was perhaps eighty or ninety feet above the water below; and here Violet paused for a second or two to cast some pebbles down into the clear pool between the rocks and bushes.

"Violet," said he, rather peremptorily, "I want you to speak frankly with me for a minute or two. Let them go on. I think it is time we had some sort of explanation."

She was vexed and annoyed that she should become the victim of those recurrent interviews whenever she forgot to avoid being alone with him; but she said nothing. She awaited what he had to say with an air of respectful attention.

"You know what I mean," said he, speaking rapidly. "I have as much patience as most men; and I don't wish to bother you; but after all it is time we came to some sort of explanation. Or let the whole thing come to an end."

He uttered the last words with some vehemence.

"Or let what come to an end?"

"The sort of expectation, or understanding, that some day you will become my wife."

"I am quite willing that that should come to an end."

He had almost expected her to say that; and he was more angry than disappointed. And yet he endeavoured to suppress any sign of mortification—partly from pride, partly from the consciousness that an exhibition of temper could avail him but little.

"It is no use, then, my waiting any longer. You have definitely resolved that our relations should cease?"

"I—I have wished that they should cease," she said, in a low voice; "and I thought you knew that——"

"And your reason?"

"I am sure I am very grieved to think that you may be hurt or offended, or disappointed," she continued, not noticing his question. "And when you said you would rather wait, I thought that was a great pity—but now, since you think it better all this should end——"

"I think it better?" said he, with bitter vehemence. "It is you who think it better; and if you will not tell me your reason, I will tell it to you. You think you have been blinding me? No. I have been looking on at the farce."

She turned her large dark eyes upon him with a gaze of wonder and inquiry; but he did not fail to observe that her face paled somewhat.

"What do you mean?" she said, slowly.

"Do you think you have blinded me? Haven't I seen the pitiable fashion in which you have become the very slave of that man—echoing his opinions as if he had all the wisdom in the world—toadying and fawning upon him——"

She drew herself up to her full height.

"You do not believe what you say," she said, with a proud smile.

"I do know," he said; and now he had lost control over himself, and his wounded vanity made him talk wildly. "I tell you that all the world can see it—all the world except himself, perhaps, for he is only a baby. And you know what I say is true. Look at me in the face—I dare you to look at me in the face—and deny that you love the man."

That was a challenge: and all the wild, rebellious blood in the girl leapt to her heart. To cringe before the accuser—to deny the one highest and holiest feeling that her nature had ever known—that could not be Violet North's first impulse at such a moment. There was a strange, proud light on her pale face as she said—

"And if I do not deny it? I have many things to be ashamed of: not that. No, if I were to die just now, I should think my life had been a happy one, only to have known such a man as a friend."

He was simply thunderstruck. He had seen much, and imagined more; but for this he was not prepared. Then the audacious courage of the girl astounded him; what could this glad, proud light on her face mean but that her whole being was wrapped up in an earnest, unreasoning devotion.

He knew then that his case was hopeless; and he had sufficient vanity to prompt him to put a good face on it.

"I suppose," said he, with a forced smile, "that now you have been so frank, there is no more to be said. I wish you had been a little franker some time ago—But that does not matter now. Let us part good friends, Violet."

He held out his hand.

"Are you going away?" she said, in a low voice.

"Yes," he answered, cheerfully. "I couldn't think of disturbing your domestic peace. Good-bye; if you don't go on at once Mrs. Warrener will be coming back to look for you."

She stood irresolute; but she allowed him to shake hands with her. Then he turned and walked away.

"Mr. Miller!"

He stopped and looked back. She advanced to him, with her eyes bent downwards, and a sort of tremble about her lips.

"I wish," she said, in so low a voice that he could scarcely hear her, "to ask your forgiveness for whatever pain I may have caused you. Believe me—I am very sorry—I thought at one time it might have ended differently——"

"All right," said he. "Don't trouble about that. Good-bye, Violet."

He turned once more, and went off down the hill, leaving the girl to rejoin her friends, with the consciousness at

her heart that a great event had happened in her life, with what probable consequences she could not at all foresee. She knew that it was better for both that this definite explanation should have been made, and an end put to a hopeless condition of affairs; and yet memory went back over the past two or three years with something of regret, and in her secret heart she was hoping that her now discarded lover would not think too harshly of her in the years to come.

"Where is Mr. Miller, Violet?" asked Mrs. Warrener, when Violet had rejoined the two who had gone on.

"He has gone back to the yacht."

Her friend regarded her with curious eyes.

"You have been quarrelling again," she said.

"No, not at all."

"Well, you will get to the end of these disagreements when you marry, I suppose," said Mrs. Warrener, with a smile. "That is always the way. Young people are always quarrelling, because they are jealous, and exacting, and unreasonable; they get to know each other better when they are married."

The girl's cheeks burned red.

"There is no use speaking of that, Mrs. Warrener. Mr. Miller and I will never be married."

The little fair-haired woman laughed: she was not to be deceived—she had observed too much of the ways of young people in love.

"Of course not," she said, in her quiet, shrewd way. "It is always parting for ever and ever—over the wearing of some trinket, or the giving an extra dance to a rival. A solemn farewell for life; and the next day they meet and make it up quite easily. What is it all about, Violet "

"If you please, dear Mrs. Warrener, I would rather not speak of it," the girl said, gently; and there was an end of the matter.

But as George Miller went down the hill and along the shore towards the bay where the yacht lay, his private thoughts were scarcely so composed and cheerful as his manner of bidding good-bye to Violet had ostensibly been. It was not pleasant for a business-like young man to know that he had been spending two or three years of his life in chasing a rainbow. Then there would be the confession to his friends that he had failed; and the spectacle of this girl whom he had hoped to make his wife publicly declaring that she preferred James Drummond—a man of six or seven-and-thirty, who would cage her up in a small cottage on a narrow income and expect her to become a sort of upper housemaid. Not much chance for her now of driving in the Park, which even as a girl she had enjoyed.

What fascination, what enchantment had so perverted her mind? The more he thought of it, the more bitter he became, until he had almost persuaded himself that his rival had been for years trying to cajole the girl's affections, that he might marry the daughter of a rich man. If Mr. Miller had been in his right mind, he would have burst out laughing at this suggestion; but he was not in his right mind; and his jealous fancy brooded over the idea until he was ready to believe that the small yacht out there, lying peacefully in the bay, contained one of the most treacherous, specious, and malicious villains that had ever cursed the world.

He got into the dingey and rowed out to the *Sea-Pyot*. Mr. Drummond got up, took the painter from him, and helped him to get on board.

"Where are the others?" he said.

"Gone on further than I cared to go."

He sate down again and took to his book; the younger man went below.

In a few minutes Mr. Miller came up to the top of the companion-stairs.

"Can you let me have the knife I lent you last night?" he asked.

"It is in my cabin somewhere; if you want it I'll go down and get it."

"I would rather have it," was the answer.

So Mr. Drummond followed him down-stairs. What was his surprise to see that Miller had put on the table of

the saloon a knapsack which he had brought with him, and that it was partially packed.

"What are you about?" he said, with a stare.

"I mean to leave you now," the young man said, calmly. "I owe you fourteen cartridges: there they are—they are No. 4, but I suppose that won't matter. Can you give me the pen-knife!"

James Drummond only stared the more.

"What do you mean?"

"What I tell you. I am leaving the yacht."

"But what is the matter?"

"Nothing."

"Where are you going?"

"I shall walk over to Loch Aline, and get some boat there."

"Miller, what's the matter with you? You can't walk over to Loch Aline to-day; you don't know the road; I doubt whether there is an inn there."

"Nevertheless, I am going," the younger man said, with a sullen determination.

Most men, in such circumstances, would have told him he might go a good deal further than Loch Aline, for aught they cared; but Mr. Drummond had a kindly feeling for the young man.

"Is it a quarrel with Violet?"

"I thought you would hit it," said the other, with an evident sneer. "I see you have expected it. Well, are you satisfied?"

There was altogether something in Miller's face that James Drummond could not understand. He began to wonder if Miller had discovered a whisky-still on shore and drunk himself mad. But he had not to wait for any further explanation; because the rising passion of the young man broke through his forced composure, and he began pouring forth a torrent of angry accusations. Drummond had inveigled away the girl from her people; he had flattered her school-girl vanity by making a companion of her; knowing that she was practically engaged to one who had her father's sanction, he had treacherously induced her to break her word; and so forth, and so forth. Drummond listened to all this with astonishment, but also with absolute self-control.

"I have a great mind," said he, "to take you up on deck and drop you overboard—that might cure you of your madness. Whoever has put all this stuff into your head?"

"Don't try to deceive me any further!" Miller said, with his lips white with angry excitement. "You have done it well enough already. You knew I was to marry the girl—you knew her father wished it—and yet you set to work to draw her away from me——"

"Then why are you here?" said Drummond. "If that was my design, why did I ask you to join us here? It seems to me that looks more like bringing you two together."

"You can't blind me!" the young man cried, with a scornful laugh. "You knew the mischief was done. You knew the girl was ready to cut off her hand for you, if you asked it. You knew that she gloried in her infatuation——"

"Look here, Miller," said James Drummond, with a dangerous contraction of the brows. "I believe you are as mad as a March hare. You may talk nonsense about me to your heart's content; but leave Violet out of it. Gracious Heavens, I wonder to hear you, man! You pretend to love the girl; and you go mad like this with childish surmises. Why not go frankly to her, and learn for yourself that this is mere dreaming and folly——"

"Yes, and then?" exclaimed the younger man. "What then? I find she draws herself up—boasts of her love for you—has not even the shamefacedness to deny it—and then you pretend you know nothing about it! Bah!"

He turned to the knapsack and continued his packing. For a second or two James Drummond stood absolutely silent.

"Miller, do you know what you said just now?"

There was no answer.

"Was that a lie?"

"You know it was no lie. You have stolen the girl from me. What is the use of having more words about it?"

He went up on deck. The beautiful, fair, still world around him seemed part of a dream; he could have prayed for a bolt of God's lightning to break the awful silence and assure him that he lived. He was in a trance from which he could not escape; he was a dreamer that wrestles with his dream and strives to awake. It was no joy to this man to hear that a young girl had offered him the treasure of her first love. An infinite sadness filled his heart and blinded his eyes; the wild pulsations within his breast seemed so many stabs of remorse; his imagination was stunned by a gloomy sense of the irrevocable.

He did not stir when George Miller came up on deck. He regarded him as if he, too, were part of this wild, strange dream, as the young man hauled up the dingey, dropped his knapsack into it, and got in himself.

"Miller!"

"Well?"

"There is some frightful mistake about all this. Wait till they come back."

"No, thank you; good-bye. I have put an address on my gun-case; if you can put it on board a goods-steamer, I shall be obliged to you."

There was a splash of the dipping oars, and the small boat drew away towards the shore.

It was not for an hour after that James Drummond saw any other signs of life along that solitary coast; then three figures came down to the rocks, and a shawl was waved. He called up two of the men and sent them ashore with the gig. That hour of self-communion seemed to have left his face somewhat tired.

"Where is Mr. Miller?" said Mrs. Warrener; she guessed he had gone, when she saw the dingey on shore.

"He is gone away—to Loch Aline," said Mr. Drummond, calmly. "I want to speak to Violet by herself about this. Violet, will you come down to the saloon for a minute?"

She followed him down the steps and into the saloon; and he shut the door. She was trembling a little; why, she scarcely knew. Nor could she understand the great sadness of his face as he regarded her.

"Violet," he said, "is it true what he says?"

She involuntarily retreated an inch or two; and her fingers were clenched in on the palms of her hands.

"He told you then?" she said in a low voice.

"Yes. Let us be frank. It is not true—my child, my child, you must tell me it is not true."

He clasped her hands in his; and for a second she was frightened by the intensity of emotion visible in his face. But her native courage did not forsake her. Her face was white enough; but she said, without a quiver in the low voice—

"And why do you wish me to say that?"

"Don't you know—don't you know, my poor child? Have I kept my secret so well? Don't you know how I have loved you, and hidden away all my love for you—so that I thought you had not even a suspicion of it that would grieve you—all to see you happy as a young girl should be happy, with a young husband, and plenty of friends, and a bright gay world before her? And now—have I betrayed my trust—but, Violet, it cannot be true—you have had a quarrel——"

She had been drinking in every word—her pathetic anxious face turned up to his—her eyes swimming in tears. And when she seemed fully to comprehend the meaning of his words, he was suddenly interrupted. She uttered a quick, low cry of joy, and hid her face in his breast. The assurance she had longed for was given.

He put his two hands on the rich folds of dark hair, and put back her head, and looked down into her eyes with a wonderful tenderness and sadness in his look.

"What is done, cannot be undone—I wish for your sake, child, it could. I have destroyed your life for you—you, a young girl, just beginning to know how fresh and beautiful the world is—"

"Did I know it was beautiful until you taught me?" she asked, in a low voice. "Have you not shown me what it is to be gentle, and noble, and unselfish? When I have been in your house I have been happy: outside of it, never. And I thank God for giving me such a friend."

"A friend—if it had only remained at that—" he said. "That would have been better for you, Violet."

Her answer was a singular one. She gently released herself from his embrace. She took up his hand, and timidly kissed it.

"You are more than my friend: you are my lord and master," the girl said, with a proud humility; and then she silently opened the door and went out. That interview was something for a man to think of during the rest of his life.

Now during the remainder of that day some shade of melancholy seemed to hang about the spirits of this little party of travellers, which Mrs. Warrener naturally attributed to the fact of Violet having quarrelled with her sweetheart. She would have the map examined to see the number of miles; and hoped he would, if he failed to reach the place, have sufficient sense to claim hospitality from some farmer. Amy was inclined to be cross with her friend; for she could not understand why a girl who was so amiably disposed towards those around her should be so cruel to a gentleman who paid her the compliment of asking her to become his wife. On the other hand, Violet was more than ordinarily affectionate towards her former school-companion; and, not content with giving her a couple of lace handkerchiefs which had somehow got among her things, would press on her acceptance the much more valuable box of elaborately cut ivory which contained them.

"Do you know, Violet," the girl remarked, "what mamma said about you the other day?"

"I hope it was something very nice."

"She said it was a good thing for you your ears were fastened to your head."

"Because otherwise I'd lose them."

"No. Because otherwise you'd give them away. I don't know how you manage to keep anything."

The calm afternoon wore away; they had a quiet dinner in the saloon in the evening; after dinner they sate up on deck, in the warm night-air, to watch the moonlight rise over the black hills. Then by and by the ladies went below and James Drummond was left alone.

Somehow, as he sate there and bethought him of all that had happened during the day, and of the new future that lay before him, a singular and glad change of feeling set in. He would accept the great gift that had been given him, not to rejoice over it as an acquisition, but to cherish it tenderly as a trust. If it did seem so that this girl had placed her future in his hands, he would requite her confidence with an unceasing love and devotion. Nay, he grew bolder than that. He would take it that the highest point in his life, too, had been reached; long after he had hoped for such a thing, the bright beautiful time of existence had arrived—the year had yet its spring-time in it—the singing season of the birds was not yet over—there were sweet roses yet unblown—and a woman's heart and eyes to grow proud and glad at his approach. At last—at last! All the happy centuries the world had rolled through seemed but to have led up to this one culminating joy. Now the heart might break—now life might go—since the best the world contained had been pressed to his bosom!

To be continued.

THE PRIVATE VIEW AT THE ACADEMY.

Now we are on the stairs leading up to the galleries in Burlington House. It is the Friday nearest to the First of May, and we are eager to see both the pictures and the people. Like the new Cabinet Minister, who remarked how very kind every one of his colleagues was when he first met them in council, what strikes one most at the Private View of the Academy is the civility of all the officials. There is no gruff demand for payment at entrance, and as for catalogues, they are handed to you most politely gratis. On this day there are no unmannerly attempts to deprive poor cripples of their sticks, no snatching of sacred umbrellas and parasols out of elderly women's hands. There is nothing of all this at the private view, and every one, visitors and officials alike, is on his best behaviour. And here let us observe that it is a pity that visitors are not invited in pairs, as the beasts and birds and the creeping things came to Noah in the Ark, or guests to a civic feast at the Mansion House. It is probable that on no day in the year are there so many unprotected ladies abroad as at the private view. All through the day you flush your female friends singly like a scattered covey of partridges in a turnip field. It is quite true that, so gregarious is man, you occasionally see husbands and wives side by side the livelong day; nay, more, you come upon whole families—father, mother, sons, and daughters—steadily making the round of the rooms, and taking picture after picture in order, very like that man who, taking to reading at a mature age, read Scott's novels right through from *Waverley* to *Count Robert of Paris;* altogether refusing the advice of an enthusiastic friend to dash off after *Waverley* and *Guy Mannering* to *Ivanhoe* and *Quentin Durward*. He would have nothing out of its turn, and read steadily on till he had accomplished his task. Just so our family party at the Academy, like goslings led by a goose and gander, begin with No. 1 and end at No. 1522. It is their duty thus to see the pictures, and so they see them. Sometimes, indeed, a giddy young thing of a daughter or an unstable son breaks away from the heads of their house and takes a short flight towards some fine picture by a famous hand; but this license is soon checked by the voice of the anxious parents, which recalls their erring offspring to the path of duty. "That is not the way to see the exhibition," they seem to say. All things have their lesson, and the lesson taught by the private view is to see the pictures right on and straightforward.

But we are neither single nor elderly women; still less are we fortunate enough to secure tickets for the private view for all our family. We know well that there are some people whose power of asking and disposing of tickets is inexhaustible. Had they as many sons and daughters as Priam and Hecuba, they would find cards for all of them. We are none of these; one card in buff is all that falls to our lot; we are thankful to get it, and it carries with it one blessing, selfish, it is true, but very pleasant; when we step into gallery No. I. we are free—free to see the pictures and the company after our own fashion. And what is our fashion? Well! we must own that compared with the proceedings of those single women, or of that solid and most respectable family, our way of seeing the pictures is very flighty and fatiguing. We see them very much as the song-birds behave themselves in this month of May, which would be so merry were it not so starving cold. We hop hither and thither,

we flit to and fro, now on lowly twig, now on a tall tree top, we fly about and about from meadow to garden, and from garden to wood, sometimes lingering, but for the most part ever on the wing. Of course, as in this state of existence man has no wings, we only accomplish this feat at a great expenditure of shoe leather. The soles of that family party would show far less wear than ours at the end of the day, for they never retrace their steps, while we return a hundred times to the same spot. They behold once and pass on like fate; we gaze often at one picture; the end of the day finds us still gazing long after our respected friends have seen the last number and are sitting down at home to their family dinner, which they eat steadily through from oysters to oranges; shortly after retiring to sleep out the night watches in tiers of storeys one atop of the other, a dreamless generation all sleeping on their backs in the proud consciousness that, having done a good day's work, they have enjoyed a well deserved dinner, and are now refreshing their weary minds and bodies in a warm bath of slumber. There we leave them snugly tucked up, soon we hope to return to Great Snoring, or it may be to Much and Little Hadham, for we forgot to mention that the father of the family must be of what the lunatic at Hanwell called "the clerical persuasion."

Labor et ingenium, that is the motto on the cover of the catalogue of the one hundred and eighth exhibition of the Academy, and toil and wit enough it would take to criticise these 1522 works, not of art, but of artists, properly; but then as Mr. Disraeli has anticipated us in saying, we are no critics. If in our fitful progress through gallery, hall, lecture room, and vestibule we drop anything that takes the shape of criticism, it is only by accident. We are here to behold and not to criticise. Mere sightseers, we are not sure that in most of the rooms we shall not waste our eyes on very inferior works and altogether neglect pictures far worthier to be seen. Thus in the first room we are chiefly arrested by Mr. Crowe's *Rehearsal*, especially when we reflect on what a trial the game birds of England might hold on the squires if they could only get them into their clutches. Very different was the feeling roused by the far-fetched subject out of Aristophanes in the mind of a Scotch minister, a dour iron-grey Calvinist. "A' meethology and blethers" were the words that came out of his lanthorn jaws, as though expelled by the east wind. "Wasn't Aristophanes a Greek philosopher, mamma?" said a young lady on our right. Rather disturbed, we could scarce collect our thoughts, or restrain our risible muscles, till we stopped beneath *Master Graham Pettie in a Costume of the Seventeenth Century*, on which work of art we will only remark that if that most interesting child is as ill at ease in the costume of the nineteenth as he evidently is in that of the seventeenth, his nurse must have hard work to get him into his clothes of a morning. If we had twin daughters worthy to be called *Spring Flowers*, we should prefer to see them painted as realities and not as shadowy ghosts in the manner of Reynolds or Gainsborough. Let us have no "revenants" either in life, literature, or art. Nor does it strike us that there is much of Lincolnshire in Mr. Macbeth's *Lincolnshire Gang*. We have seen no such figures or faces in the Fens as he has here presented on his canvas; and as a lady, no doubt an active member of a School Board, remarked at our elbow, "Talk of joining an agricultural gang at eight years old—why it's against the law which sends children to school at that age," whereat we inwardly laughed at the notion that because the law prescribed certain things it followed that its rules were always observed. We began to reflect, and to forget in fact where we were, and wandering on into Gallery No. II., did not stop till we heard a voice saying, "That's an honest face honestly painted," and looking up we beheld the constitutional visage of Mr. Bouverie by Ouless, who, as we are informed by one of those button-holders who are the terror even of private views, is "one of the most rising portrait

painters of the day." Our dread of this particular parasite was so great that we fled the neighbourhood, neglecting, as we now find, Cooke's *Ruins of Kom-Ombo*, and not pausing till we reached Millais's *Over the Hills and Far Away*, a noble work that reminds us more of Cumberland than anything else. Being of a melancholy turn we compare it in our mind's eye with *Chill October*, but before we can make up our desultory judgment we are scared away by one of those wholesale picture contractors, who are worse even than our button-holders. This "sample" of his kind holds forth to no one in particular, but to the whole human race in general, and tells the exact sum for which the "eminent" artist was prevailed on to paint the picture. Much more he would have told us, but again we fled, passing over Leighton's grim face of Captain Burton, and many other works, so that we flew fairly into gallery No. III., in which, as a tender parent said to his callow daughter whom he held by the hand, "all the best pictures are to be seen," in which dictum he was undoubtedly right, if we insert "biggest" for best; only it unfortunately happens that in art as well as in precious stones, the categories of quantity and quality are seldom combined. Still we admit that size is something. The Patriarchs and Matriarchs no doubt were more imposing than if the Prediluvian world had been peopled by a generation of pygmies; Goliath of Gath made a greater figure in the world than Sir Geoffrey Hudson. He lost his head in single combat with a ruddy-faced stripling it is true, but he never could have been subjected to the indignity of being baked in a pie. For this reason we have always admired the Sebastian del Piombo in the National Gallery, quite apart from its artistic merits, because it is so big; and under the influence of this superficial foot feeling, we were just about to wing our way to the *Daphnephoria* of Leighton, which stretches its huge length along the west wall, when a Vision of Judgment caught our view and but for the *Apothecary* of Marks we should have flown to it. But the thought arose, "Death before Judgment," and so we stayed to wonder at the art with which Shakespeare's "caitiff wretch" has been represented. It was, however, but for a moment; just as no doubt the judgment after death, when time is no more, will be swift and sudden, so the next instant we stood before Mr. Cope's picture in which the Council are painted as selecting pictures for the Exhibition. As may readily be imagined we are neither painters nor sculptors; we did not therefore stand before this picture with our hearts full of hate against the Council for rejecting any works of ours; our minds in this respect were quite unbiased, and yet we were quite prepared to re-echo the words of a bystander who, for aught we know, was one of the disappointed, "I call it a very vulgar picture," and so it is, though we cannot go so far as to agree with another spectator who declared that the Council had all "big noses and looked very much like Jews." The day will no doubt come when this apparent vulgarity will pass away with the age which is so sensitive to it, and then Mr. Cope's picture will be valued as a record of the days when this great power of selection and rejection was confided to a body of men who were the keenest rivals of those on whose works they sat in judgment. It will look then like a relic of the times when the Bishops sat in the House of Lords, and when hack cabs could not drive through Hyde Park, though they drove through St. James's. But as the present is the real time for us, our true seed- and work- and battle-field, it would be difficult to suggest—except perhaps for some disappointed exhibitors—in what better way the selection of works of art for this Exhibition could be made.

And now we are free to fly to those yards of canvas on which Leighton has revived or rather created the procession of the Daphnephoria at Thebes. Attracted by quantity as the loadstone draws iron to itself, can we look at this picture and say that it excels in quality

as well? Before we pronounce an opinion, let us linger a little, and listen to what the bystanders say. First comes a man, a real critic, mind you, and not an ignorant volatile butterfly like to us. His first words are—"Good picture, I should think so, known it since it was no bigger than my hand, two years ago," at which we mentally remarked how it must have grown in that interval. "At first," he babbles on, "it had much less drapery"—very natural, we think that a picture when just born should be naked—"but as it got on private judgment couldn't stand so much nude flesh, and a deal more clothes and ribands, and that sort of thing was put on." So he passed on and was lost in the crowd. He was speedily followed by a lady. "It puts me quite out of patience," she said, "to see a set of fools staring and gaping at a pack of half and ill-dressed women and children screaming away with their mouths wide open." Then came another more charitable. "Sweet little children all of a row, singing with all their might and main like thrushes in a nest." "What is that young woman in the bluest dress about to do? is she going to sing like the rest, or has she no voice, and so is ready to burst out into a dance all to herself, that she hitches up her 'things' in that awkward way?" Here we had another criticism, and this too by a woman. Next came a man. "No, I don't like it at all, it is as flat as a teaboard, there is no relief in it from first to last, and as for the 'symbolic standard called the *kopo*,' I never saw anythink like it except the barbarous Mahratta trophies, once the property of Lord Lake, which some years back were dispersed by auction, in King Street, St. James's." Thus wagged on the tongues of critics, male and female, but for all that we throughout the day ever and anon returned to the great picture, and each time in spite of sprawling length and flatness and ungainly action, in some of the figures we found still more to admire in it. Close by hangs Millais's *Mrs. Sebastian Schlesinger*, in her purple velvet, in which it is easy to see that the fair American has awakened more sympathy in his mind than another lady who hung very near the same spot a year or two ago, and whom he gibbeted so to speak, all through the months of May, June, and July. Nor, we murmur as we fly on to Gallery No. IV., can the *Duchess of Westminster* have been altogether to his fancy. For if she had, could he have missed her nobility and loveliness and exaggerated her figure into positive ungainliness as he has done in this otherwise fine painting? It drove us back into Gallery No. III., to gaze on the wonderful painting of Tadema's *Audience with Agrippa*, to mourn over the mawkishness of Frith's scene from the *Vicar of Wakefield*, and to speculate if the *Threat* by Pettie represents himself got up in armour like a crusader, and ready to take vengeance on Mr. Boughton for having put his little son into such a strait waistcoat of the seventeenth century.

We had now hopped and flitted through three rooms, when we met a true friend. "Don't stand and mope about here, come and see Poynter's *Atalanta*." "And where is she to be found?" turning over the leaves of our catalogue. "In the lecture-room," and to the lecture-room we went accordingly, though it would have shocked our serious sober-sided family had they seen us flitting the whole breadth of the building, and reversing all the principles of order, all for the sake of seeing one picture out of its turn. Well! not having their fear before our eyes, and being our own masters, here we are before Atalanta, as she stops and stoops to catch the second golden apple which Hippomenes *alias* Milanion has thrown down to check her conquering course. It is a true picture, even though Atalanta is so doubled up as she checks her speed and turns sharp round and stoops, all her weight resting on one knee, that we are afraid she will never be able to disentangle her limbs from the dead-lock into which she has thrown them. Divinely fair she is, like a daughter of the gods. Though not quite

so tall as *Pallas Athene, frightening the dogs*, still she is so tall that when she stands upright, her stature will far exceed that of her suitor, stalwart man though he is. As for him, what strikes us most is the seeming ease with which he is running a race which may cost him his life, as it has already been fatal to many others before him. Whether it is that he trusts to his third apple which he holds behind him, and to the favour of Venus; so it is that he runs within himself, with no starting eyes, or close shut lips, or panting breast, or swollen veins. Never was man brought to the post in such perfect condition. Were he a horse we should say he will win the race, and not turn a hair; what he will do when he has won it, and stands side by side with Atalanta, and finds her more than a head and shoulders taller than himself, we really cannot tell. To our minds the finest part of the picture is the group of country people on the left whose faces are full of emotion and sympathy, as they side with one or other of the rivals. Wonderful is the painting of the apple which Atalanta is about to catch ere it touches the ground, and of a ribbon from her fillet which still streams on by the force of her speed, though she has checked her course. As a work of art, it shows not perfection but progress in the artist, and Mr. Poynter must be content to have made one great stride onward in this picture.

Now that we are in this Lecture-room we look about us, and see only to shun it instinctively, Armitage's *Phryne.* Anything less like the Venus Anadyomene which Apelles painted we never saw, except that that Venus and this Phryne could not eke out a decent shift between them. And here some cold critic will ask when we ever saw the Venus Anadyomene of Apelles, seeing that it was burnt at the sack of Corinth, or at some other glorious conflagration of old times. To which we reply, that we have seen it where we are quite sure our critic will never see it, "in our mind's eye, Horatio"—that clear mirror which is quite beyond the ken of cold and calculating critics like our inquirer. As we glance away from Phryne, we come upon *God's Covenant with Noah*, and catch sight of Noah's feet sticking out of the gangway of the Ark, heaven knows how many feet above our heads, and we realise what a monster that Ark must have been, for under its sides, and below Noah's "lower digits," as an American lady called them in our hearing, stand a great company of beasts, in which two African elephants are conspicuous, while close under Noah, or that part of him which is visible, two tremendously carnivorous hippopotamuses are opening their mouths so wide that we are afraid some of the smaller beasts will mistake them for so many ways into the Ark, and not find out their mistake till they are safely lodged in the maw of the mighty river-horse. It is not our fault if we have called the hippopotamus carnivorous. We know well he is a ruminant, but really Mr. Hardy, with a courage worthy of his name, has made his jaws so red, and his whole appearance so sanguinary, that we cannot get it out of our heads that he lives on flesh and blood and not on grass and grain. Talking of flesh and blood, why, we wonder, did the Council or the Hanging Committee, or whoever is responsible for the deed, allow that disgusting picture of *Pu-ha-uza-tan-ka, the Great Scalper*, to disfigure the walls of the Lecture Room? When we saw this savage in feathers and wampum holding up the gory scalp of an enemy whose peeled skull is painfully visible at his feet, we felt inclined to call out "Police!" or for a fire-escape, only we knew that our cries would have been quite ineffectual in procuring the assistance of either one or the other. Mr. Bromley, the artist, has merits of his own no doubt, but pray let him keep his Great Scalpers for company better suited to them than the works of art which throng the walls of the Exhibition. Perhaps, after all, it was hung where it is as a foil, just above Tadema's charming picture which he calls *After the Dance*, in which we see a charming little *bacchante*, who has

danced out the day, stretched on a bearskin in sweet sleep, with her improvised thyrsus by her side. Nothing can be more realistic and natural and at the same time more artistic, than this little maiden who is so prodigal of her charms as she slumbers on. "Little hussy," cries the mother of a family, who still cannot tear her eyes from the offender, "why can't she pull the bearskin over her? she would be much more comfortable." Perhaps she would, but then we should have lost a most charming picture, and to our minds, though we are no critics, one of the best in the whole Exhibition. To judge by his works this year, the Academy has reason to be proud of its new Associate.

From the lecture-room we work our way round to the other galleries, passing first through the great and terrible wilderness of architectural drawings, where we feel as though we were in a builder's yard, as we behold design after design of houses which silly men have built, and others of houses which we are glad to think no man will build. In the crayons we have only time to notice Lady Coleridge's fine, unaffected head of the country stonemason. The miniatures, that lost art, we hurry past, thinking of the days when there were miniatures indeed. About this time it got so dark, as the sky lowered with a coming thunder-storm, that we could see none of the pictures. Now is the very time to see the sculptures; an hour of melancholy gloom puts us into a fit mood to see that branch of English art which always makes us sad, just as much now when it has been elevated to the first floor, as in old days when one had to descend into the cellar to see it. We remember it used to be said it was the cellar that made British sculpture so sad and gloomy, just as a man in prison is not usually very lively and cheerful; but in a cellar or out of the cellar we are afraid sculpture in these islands remains a sad and gloomy thing. Painting pleases us, but sculptures do not; they are as startling to our nature as it would be to our moral sense if we saw people walking about in scanty clothing like the ancient Greeks. That attire needs warmth and sunshine, and that too is what sculpture needs to set it off. Without warmth marble freezes up our æsthetic feelings, and the only style which impresses us in England in this branch of art is the monumental; but that one can see almost as well in the New Road as at Burlington House. We were not, however, destined to see much of sculpture at the private view. Just as we reached the vestibule the storm burst over our heads, and for a while all was dark except where flash followed flash of lightning. Of course in these scientific days when all women are so enlightened, little alarm was shown by the ladies around us; but there was one exception. "Take me away, take me away, anywhere into the dark," cried a lovely woman near us—very unreasonably it seemed to us, for it was dark enough already in all conscience. In a moment or two, however, she recovered her good sense, the storm passed away, the sun shone, and all was bright; but with the returning sun revived the desire to see the rest of the pictures and not to waste it on *post-mortems* in marble and clay. We fled therefore from the vestibule and soon found ourselves in Gallery No. IV., where we admire Lehmann's excellent likeness of Lady Enfield, and laugh at Riviere's clever "*A Stern Chase is always a Long Chase,*" where a string of ducks in a pool are pursuing another which holds a struggling frog in its bill. There is great fun in this admirable picture; but we put it seriously to our Hanging Committee, whether in the state of public feeling as to vivisection, which will probably result in the appointment of a parliamentary protector of frogs, they are quite justified in assigning so prominent a place to a picture in which the whole action turns on the sufferings of an animal on whose behalf so much sympathy has been excited.

But we must hasten on. In Gallery No. V. we are just in time to see Mr. Prinsep's buxom *Linen Gatherers.* A few minutes before we should have seen them during the storm, now they ply

their task in sunshine. We do not like Mr. Millais's *Getting Better* so much as some of his works: the visitors struck us as affected. Nor can *The late Lord Stanhope*, by Ouless, be compared to some of his other works in this Exhibition. "He never looked like that" is the remark we hear of this picture. There is a sad interest attached to Lord Lyttelton's portrait, by Walker—a good work, though he has missed the mouth, that hardest of features to catch. As we see Mr. Harrison's *Alecto* ascending, or descending, we forget which, amidst rifts and crags, we sincerely hope that she may never reappear to infuse strife into the Academy. In Gallery No. VI. we gaze with mixed feelings at Mr. Fildes's picture, called *The Widower*, one of those painful works, not so much of art, as of sentiment, which one would rather see in an exhibition than in one's own house. Mr. Lawson's *Children of the Great City*, keeping a merry Christmas in the midst of rags and squalor, is a touching work; but what shall we say of what Mr. Spence calls a *Breezy Morning*, in which one of the figures, who appears to be clad in a bathing-gown, has had her head so blown round by the wind that we are afraid she will never get it to sit straight on the nape of her neck again. In Gallery No. VII. there is some fun in Mr. Gadsby's *In the Apple room*, which has been invaded by a mite of a girl, who already seems gorged with spoil. In this room there are two fine pictures by Herbert, *Judith in the Tent of Holofernes* before cutting off his head, and *St. Mary Magdalene with the Precious Ointment.* Here, too, we meet one of the best sea-pieces in the Exhibition in Mr. Allan's *Home from the Herring Fishery*, where the mouth of the small river as it reaches the sea, and the breezy billows beyond, are rendered with great truth. If we have not mentioned Mr. Hook, let us make amends by saying once for all that his works, with their refreshing blues and greens, meet us at every turn. We quite agree with the criticism which says that he has spoilt one of his pictures by associating it with ducks gobbling nasty things, but for the rest he remains in his way matchless. Mr. Bisschop's *Sharpening a Skate* is a fine presentation of Friesland life in winter. We know not whether he is foreign or inborn, but he seems to us to have the making of a painter in him.

Here we bring this bird's-eye view of the private view of the Exhibition to a close. We repeat our assertion that we are no critics, and that we are liable to mistakes at every step; but these are some passages out of what we heard and saw on the 28th of April, and our impressions on the whole. Though we have seen better Exhibitions, we have seen many worse, and if great pictures grow scarce, there can be little doubt that art progresses in England, and that the Exhibition of 1876 is remarkable as presenting a very satisfactory out-turn of conscientious work as our art-crop for the past year.

FELLOWSHIPS AND NATIONAL CULTURE.

The question of Oxford and Cambridge reform having again entered a practical stage, and the intellectual future of the country being bound up in its solution, too much care cannot be taken to keep clearly before the public mind both the objects and conditions of reform. As was to be expected, a vast amount has been said and written on the subject, as well since the introduction of Lord Salisbury's Bill for Oxford as previously by way of anticipation. My own excuse for joining the discussion is, that I think it needs to be shown how some of the speakers and writers most likely to catch the public ear have urged considerations tending not to clearness but to confusion. Lord Salisbury's Bill was made the occasion of criticisms having a weighty sound, but calculated, if they were to influence the Commissioners, effectually to prevent any adequate legislation. The worst is, that the criticisms of which reformers complain, have come for the most part from what ought to be their own side. Arguments in favour of things as they are may not affect us much in the mouth of a university and parliamentary Conservative of the standing of Lord Colchester; but they do affect, and perhaps stagger us, in the mouths of Liberals old and proved. Lord Colchester, for his part, based a general opposition to the bill in the House of Lords on grounds of tenderness for the Fellowship system as it exists, and of alarm at the prospect of its abolition or even serious modification. But the same reasons, though they were not pushed to the extent of positive opposition, were repeated in nearly the same language by Liberal peers of every shade of authority, as, for instance, by the Archbishop of Canterbury, Lord Carlingford, Lord Cardwell, Lord Airlie. Again, a well-known member of the same party outside Parliament, Mr. George Brodrick, the deliberate air of whose judgments invites respect for his conclusions, has developed a similar view through two columns of the *Times*. Now from this attitude of political reformers we academical reformers have much to fear. In this tenderness for the Fellowship system as it was established by the legislation of 1854 and has existed since, in this persuasion of its virtues and blindness, as we think, to its evils, this desire to see its modifications reduced within their narrowest possible limits, lies a great obstacle to the realization of what we hope for. Evidently it is not superfluous to return to the attack. In what I have to say, I shall attend principally to the points raised in Mr. Brodrick's letter of the 18th of May, both because I think he has contributed more than others towards obscuring the issue, and because at the same time he has led the discussion on to ground where it ought to be followed—the ground, wider than merely academic, of national interests and the public good.

Perhaps it was to be expected that critics in Parliament and the press should show themselves to have imperfectly apprehended, in the first instance, the scope and the necessity of reform. I speak of no scope and no necessity beyond those upon which unanimity, or something very near it, exists among practical reformers at either university. Some of us, in the reorganization we hope for, may lay most weight on the interests of teaching, some on the interests of learning—and it is satisfactory that to the special demands of these last attention has been drawn in the very terms of the act. Others think with teaching relieved, economised, and its subjects multiplied, re-invigorated learning will naturally go hand-in-hand. But all are agreed that neither teaching nor learning are properly provided for at Oxford or Cambridge as they exist. To say this is not at all to call in question what Mr. Brodrick affectionately dwells on, the "accession of intellectual activity," the "doubled amount and doubled variety of educational life," of which Oxford—and no less, it may be said, Cambridge—

has been the theatre within the last twenty years. Every one familiar with either university knows perfectly well that under the peculiar system founded there by the legislation of 1854, a great quantity of energetic, able, and conscientious work has been done and is still doing. Each university has, under this system, been developed into a very efficient agency for examining students in certain limited ranges of knowledge and attainment. The several colleges within each university have been developed into seminaries where the same students are very efficiently trained for these examinations—the brilliant, to carry off the great money prize which is the reward of success achieved—the dull, to earn at least that academic title which is a certificate of failure avoided. These are admitted and comfortable facts, which a loyal *alumnus* may take a pleasure in reciting. But for the present purpose, they are not the relevant facts. The relevant facts are, that this intellectual activity and this educational life, expanded as they have been, require to be expanded very much more yet, and along new lines, before either Oxford or Cambridge can fairly fulfil the idea of a university. For to train for examination and to examine, in a few special ranges of knowledge, any number of students elementary or advanced, is to fulfil at best only part of the idea of a university. Our own universities in other times and under other conditions, as well as foreign universities under the conditions of to-day, have had a wider conception of their mission. It behoves the community to see that our universities do all that a university ought to do. At a university all known studies ought to have their home: at ours the subjects taught and explained represent, even since their recent multiplication, but a part of knowledge. At a university, learning ought to be in continual progress; at ours the stress of teaching and examining has not left teachers and examiners time themselves to go on learning. At a university, those who devote themselves to university work ought to be placed in circumstances promising them peace, permanence, and not wealth but competence; at ours, the circumstances are such that the majority of workers, if they are to live by their work, must forfeit the conditions of domestic life; that few ever work contentedly, that the best spirits regard university existence as a kind of backwater or side eddy, in which they may be willing to go round for a while until an outlet presents itself, not as a main stream down which their lives can float in security and honour. An Oxford witness speaks of "that uneasiness about the future, and that constant hankering after some other profession, which are so notable among the younger residents, and which must necessarily be so unsettling as to render almost impossible a life devoted to study and learning;" a Cambridge witness points out that to a profession taken up as college tuition is taken up, by many, "as a stopgap to fill the interval between the completion of their education and their entrance on the main business of their life, they can hardly bring the concentration of energy which a vigorous man throws into whatever he deliberately chooses as his life's work." Testimony, for that matter, is needless to prove what is so well known; the only reason for repeating these arguments in favour of change lies in the persistency of the sentiments that tend to frustrate change. So it is well known that at many German universities, having one tenth or less than one tenth the resources of Oxford or Cambridge, sciences are taught of which we at Oxford and Cambridge have never heard, and not only taught, but continually advanced; the idea of a university is realized; the whole field of human knowledge is taken in, and distributed among a well-organized army of workers. It is true that with our tenfold resources we get some advantages at our universities which the Germans have not got. We have and maintain our college system and discipline, our beautiful college structures, our verdant gardens, our corporate spirit and traditions within our well-ordered seminaries, and all those usages, the half-transformed inheritance of monastic days, which surround our youth with pleasant aspects, and linger in our loyal recollections afterwards. All this we have, nor do any of us propose to give it up. But some of us do propose to graft upon

all this something of what we have not and Germany has. We do desire that England shall not always be lagging, that with her resources she shall not remain behindhand, as she now is, in the completeness with which she conceives and the devotion with which she pursues knowledge. We do insist that our universities shall do something more than examine in a few specified subjects the students trained by the colleges for the competition, we insist that all branches of knowledge shall be studied there by persons living under conditions suitable for study, and shall be taught to any who desire to learn them, only taught, not as an exercise offering a money prize to the proficient, but for their own sake, and because knowledge is good for man.

Such, in a few words, is the expressed ambition, and within the limits of their power the determination, of all academical reformers. Here at Cambridge, where we are not commonly thought to be Utopians, but rather to have our thoughts too strictly bent upon the possible, we have just asked for an increase of range, of resources, of appliances, of numerical force, for the work of our study and teaching, such as should prove to the most complacent how much we are starved in the exercise of our higher functions. The various Boards of Studies and Professors, in reply to practical questions as to practical needs, have asked for additional power, to be got partly by economy of what already exists, but chiefly by direct addition to what exists, to the following extent:—for unrepresented subjects in connection with Greece and Rome, and for the unrepresented studies of Romance, Keltic, Teutonic, and Slavonic philology, about twenty additional teachers of various grades; for moral sciences, at least one additional; for natural sciences, about eighteen; for theology, four new professorships and about six teachers of a lower grade; for medicine, four new professors and three other teachers; for Oriental studies, three new professorships and the division of several existing into two each, besides teachers in several unrepresented subjects; for law, four additional lecturers; for history, two new professors and three other teachers; for fine art and archæology, three or four additional, and large additional collections and appliances; for music, and the unrepresented studies of the modern languages and of English, a sufficient staff where none now exists. Now this being a moderate and practical statement of teaching wants, without allowing for the wants of research and study unattached to teaching, it is easy to see that to supply it resources must be set free which are not free at present. Where are those resources to be found? In the abolition we answer, of prize-fellowships. It so happens, we consider, that this institution of prize-fellowships at the same time locks up the material resources which we want, and perpetuates the moral and intellectual conditions to which we would put an end. The fact that success in an examination is rewarded by a pension tenable sometimes for a term of years, more commonly for life, and subject to no condition except that of celibacy, works in two ways, both of them evil. It starves Oxford and Cambridge as homes of learning and education; it tempts students to study for money, and to abandon study when they have won the prize.

It is necessary to reiterate these simple considerations when we find our own friends blind to them, and trying to make others blind. For it is to be blind to the difference between an English university and a university as it ought to be; it is to be blind to what learning and its advancement mean, to state the matter with Mr. Brodrick in language like this:—"No doubt fewer monographs issue from Oxford than from some German universities; and the ablest Oxford teachers apply themselves more assiduously to cultivating the minds of their pupils than to enhancing their own reputation, or even to advancing by a few inches the frontier of their own specialities." It is to try and blind others to insist, again with Mr. Brodrick, on the technical plea that college Fellowships are all of one kind, and thence to argue as if academical reformers, because they wish to do away with that kind of Fellowship which yields no return to learning or education, wished to do away with Fellowships altogether. Though true, it is beside the purpose, that Fellowships are technically alike, "held on the same

tenure," and are "all sinecures, in the sense that no legal obligation to reside or teach attaches to them." What is also true, and alone to the purpose, is that Fellowships are practically not alike, inasmuch as some Fellows choose to reside and work for their college or their university, or both, and other Fellows choose to reside or to go away—most commonly the latter—and not work for their college or their university. It is the latter kind of Fellowship only with which the academical reformer finds fault; he would affect its income to the advancement of learning and education; he would impose on the one Fellow the "legal obligation" to do that which the other already does voluntarily. Again, it is mere mystification when Mr. Brodrick draws up a list of Oxford men who have gained distinction, in many cases outside of Oxford; as if it were not certain that many of the ablest spirits of a generation must have passed through that university; and as if they and others could not have done more for the fame of their university and of English learning if her system had been other than it is.

But my main point is to show that Mr. Brodrick and those of whatever party who think with him, much as they err in underestimating what learning and the Universities lose by the present system, err much more still in overestimating what culture and society gain. For them, the man who carries away his 300*l.* a year of college money into the world, to help to maintain him at the bar, on the press, or in roving idleness, is nothing less than a public benefactor. They talk of him as a kind of missionary. Let him not mar the enjoyment of the "competence and liberty" which are his lot with thoughts of responsibility—of duty owed to his college, to his university—of work to be done in return for wages. He may feel his leisure consecrated by the sense of a higher and purer calling than that of the mere Tutor or Professor. He "renders the nation good service in liberalizing the professions and English society itself." His "influence makes itself beneficially felt in all the principal organs of political and literary opinion." He constitutes an "independent element" in a society where independent elements are "well-nigh crushed out between commerical aristocracy and territorial plutocracy." "It will hardly be denied that not only in every diocese and on every circuit, but in every considerable town, and in most political or social circles, the presence of Fellows or ex-Fellows of colleges imports an infusion of general culture, if not of special learning." Thus Mr. Brodrick. And to the same effect, though perhaps with less of reverential emotion, Lord Colchester had already warned the House of Peers that "by abolishing non-resident Fellowships they would snap a link between the collegiate system and the life of the nation. They would be declaring that there should be no longer in the public service, at the bar, in the parsonage, men who, being still members of colleges as Fellows, frequently revisiting them and awakening again their old academic sympathies, should carry abroad the spirit of the universities and a knowledge of university matters into all parts of England and all the spheres of English life; and at the same time bring something of the ideas and experiences of the outer world into college administration, to secure college government from the narrowing influence which the constant groove of daily academic occupation, like the routine of any other office or employment, might tend to impress upon those institutions."

Now all this puts the matter in a somewhat new light. Hitherto we had been accustomed to hear the institution of prize-fellowships defended rather as being particularly serviceable to the winner of the prize than as being particularly profitable to the rest of mankind. The college Fellow was held up to us as a specially fortunate rather than as a specially useful or meritorious human being. The virtue of the charity, it was represented, lay in assisting young men of ability, whose calling was to a life of activity and not of learning, at the outset of their professional careers; not in equipping missionaries destined to leaven society with an infusion of "general culture, if not of special learning." By means of their Fellowships, it was said, the colleges first drew to themselves the ablest youth of England, and then rendered them an

inestimable service in providing for their maintenance during the first years of professional life. Now, it is represented in addition that the persons so provided for exercise a peculiar and potent influence for good among mankind. In point of fact, neither plea will bear examination. If you consider a Fellowship as a charity conferred upon a young man at the outset of his career, it has been urged, although with an appearance of paradox, justly, that the charity ought to be conferred, if at all, upon those least capable of helping themselves. Whereas the student who wins a fellowship is precisely the one most capable of helping himself. His winning in that contest means that he has abilities which will win in other contests, and carry him to success in the struggle of life. His 300*l.* a year of college money will but give him a further start over his competitors, "in the public service, at the bar, in the parsonage," in addition to the start which his brains give him already. Mr. Henry Sidgwick, in an essay published in the *Contemporary Review* for April, has shown from statistics that of the total number of Fellows of colleges who went out from Cambridge between the years 1857 and 1868, all but a very few speedily owed to the same talents which had gained them their prizes, positions which would have enabled them to do without. To most, of course, the prize will have been a pleasant help, but to hardly any will it have been a necessary support. It might have been added to enforce the argument, that a very considerable proportion of Fellows have proved themselves, by marriage, to be in a position, almost from the outset, voluntarily to abandon their prize and at the same time increase their burdens. Speaking generally, then, and with the very rarest of exceptions, the prize-fellowship is not a necessary charity, supporting at the outset of his career the man who would otherwise have been without support; but a luxury, making more comfortable the man who would have been sure to support himself at any rate. As to the other plea, that a non-resident Fellow is a benefactor wherever he goes by reason of the atmosphere of culture which he sheds around him, perhaps it hardly needs serious discussion. Mr. Brodrick, indeed, himself advances it seriously; but even so, we feel, had he been the Roman augur of the adage, and we his brother augurs, would he have gazed at us without a smile over the sacrifices. To others it is not given thus to believe in the mysteries they themselves celebrate. I speak not as the uninitiated; have not I, too, been of the craft, and known what it was to draw my college dividends while I took my liberty, and fleshed the pen of journalism, and rubbed shoulders in the world? Looking back, not without regret, on those days, I am none the less entertained at the feeling imagery of Mr. Brodrick. The pensioned child of Culture, conscious of his mission, anon addressing himself to enlighten opinion through its principal organs—anon diffusing humane influences at the tables of territorial aristocracy and commercial plutocracy—certainly I should never have regarded under that ideal aspect the familiar fact that many Fellows of colleges, in the exercise of their freedom, are to be found living in London and mixed up like other people in literature, politics, and society. For wherein does the Fellow differ from other mortals? What is the particular virtue that rests upon him, and extends, according to our informant, even to ex-Fellows? It is not the prize which makes the man; and we all of us know A., and B., and C., who were at the university with ourselves and did not get Fellowships, because they were idle, or because they preferred other than the prescribed lines of study, or because they just fell short of the mark, or because they left without taking a degree, or for one of a hundred reasons, and yet who will very likely do more in the world than we, and are at least as good a leaven, if a leaven is needed, in society. The position of the Fellow is no doubt the pleasanter of the two, because it is the easier, because he has 300*l.* a year more than the man who missed his Fellowship. But in this very ease and pleasantness lies the mischief. When you have been to college, and found others pursuing Greek and Latin or mathematics because there is a prize to be won at the end of them, and have pursued them yourself, and won your

prize, it is very pleasant to go away with it and do what you like. You have not been taught to think of your university as a place to stay at, and work for, devoting yourself there to extend some province of the august kingdom of knowledge, and teaching others to extend it further after you; you have been taught to think of it as a place where people only stay who are content to live in a social backwater, and generally to become clergymen and not marry. So you go away to London with your prize—the temptation is great, and draws perhaps three-fourths of the best men —and are at first delighted with the fulness and variety of your life, the immediate contact in which you seem to find yourself with the real affairs of the world, the independence, the sense of social centrality. But presently, if you follow any intellectual calling, and not one which absorbs you quickly in the actual current and conduct of affairs, you begin to set its true value upon all that. The bustle and centrality, pleasant as they are, are not favourable to intellectual concentration. And the habit of intellectual dispersion, unless you fall a victim to it for good, soon becomes distasteful. There comes a time when you must choose between that dispersion and fragmentariness, which is the habit of journalism and life in a hurry, and the concentration and completeness which is the habit of serious literature and life at leisure. Then it is that your thoughts begin to turn to your university, and you feel, unless the world has got too much hold on you, how pleasant and dutiful a thing it would be to go and work there, and do something, as it were, for your wages, and follow some special path of study which attracts you, and lead others along it.

Now it would be better, we say, to remove this temptation from the beginning, and from the beginning to attract successful students to a career of study in their university rather than to a career of activity, humanized with recollections of abandoned study, outside of it. In England the active life has so many and such irresistible attractions already, that it is desirable as a counterpoise to make the contemplative life as attractive as possible. As for that mixed—we will not say bastard—form between the contemplative and the active life which may be led so pleasantly by the college Fellow in London, certainly it is not worth draining our seats of learning to maintain. Nay—and this is the really serious issue which I would take with Mr. Brodrick—have we not in England quite enough already of that "general culture" which has nothing to do with special learning? That superiority of English writing in newspapers and magazines which Mr. Brodrick extols, and concerning which, dared he "unlock the secrets of journalism," he would evidently furnish still more impressive disclosures—that superiority certainly exists, but at what cost? At the cost, surely, of superiority in serious literature, and especially in the literature of learning. The amount of force which is frittered in this ephemeral work, and might have gone to produce work not ephemeral, is immense. It is, I think, one of the great wastes of a wasteful generation. We are all of us sufferers by the waste. A hundred newspaper and magazine articles, in which the best ideas are tossed out incomplete, leave us where they found us; a single book, in which a moderately good idea is worked out to completion, carries us a step onwards. In so far as the institution of prize-fellowships tends, and it certainly does tend, to foster a high class of ephemeral literature, it does so at the expense of permanent literature, and is mischievous. English culture in this dispersed and fragmentary form does not need to be artificially reinforced; where it needs reinforcement is in the concentrated and completed forms. We need not, in reforming the academic organization of our universities, be afraid of creating a learned class that shall be separated by a gulf from the unlearned classes of the country. In Germany, indeed, there is, or has been till lately, an unfortunate gulf between her learned and unlearned, her professorial and her professional, classes. The learned and professorial class in Germany is very large, and produces and consumes an admirable technical literature of its own; a cultured and intellectual class, producing and consuming a good general literature, has until lately hardly existed there. But that has been

the result of social conditions in Germany; of the extraordinary completeness of her academical organization on the one hand, and on the other, of her poverty and want of a refined and well-to-do middle class. In England, the social conditions are opposite; we are rich, and have a vast middle class which is indistinguishable in point of material refinement and well-being from our aristocracy, and has besides an appetite for general literature and a susceptibility to general culture. But we have not the spirit of science; our academical organization is notoriously incomplete, and our technical literature is proportionately deficient. Here as in so many other things, Germany needs to be more like us and we more like Germany. Our society being what it is, we do not need more intellectual talk at dinner-tables, or classical allusions in leading articles; we need more science and "special learning"; and of science and special learning the universities should be the centres.

The universities, with their social standing and their manifold advantages as seminaries for youth, will always have enough communication with the outer world. They will always attract, educate, and send away into the world, without needing to bribe them away by the gift of irresponsible "liberty and competence," enough able students who, having learnt the best the universities have to teach, prefer the active to the contemplative life. And those who thus go away into the world will make the better missionaries—they will import, in Mr. Brodrick's phrase, a more valuable infusion into general society —if at their university they have seen learning and the profession of learning honoured, the sciences pursued in the spirit of science, knowledge valued for its own sake, than if, as now, they have but witnessed and taken part in a race, with science for the course and a Fellowship for the prize. As for the argument that fathers would cease to send their sons to the universities but for the Fellowships, that surely is a dream. The vast majority of fathers know already that their sons have no chance of a Fellowship, but send them all the same. To those fathers who only afford to send sons because they think they have a chance, the prospect of an assured though modest career within the university, in the event of success, would be as good as the prospect of a brilliant but problematical career outside.

Do you, then, suppose, it will be asked, that the Fellowships held by non-residents without responsibility can really be abolished altogether, since it is to this your argument seems to point? As a practical matter, I do not suppose so. As a matter of reason, I have, indeed, tried to show that both the universities and society would gain and not lose by their abolition. But it is a case in which one cannot expect reason wholly to prevail. A sentiment in favour of the existing system is, as we have seen, widely spread. Even among those who realise all the value of the purposes to which the funds now spent on these pensions might be applied, not many are practically prepared to divert them to those purposes altogether. The ordinary, and as we think fallacious, view was formally allowed by Mr. Walpole in his speech introducing the Bill for Cambridge, when he spoke of the necessity of maintaining three classes of Fellowships, including one class "for encouraging, rewarding, and setting out in their career in life some of the ablest and most distinguished men, who not only reflected honour on the university, but conferred great benefit on the country at large." So that what may be practically expected of the legislation of the next few years, is only that the number and value of these irresponsible fellowships shall be reduced, the period of their tenure cut down, and the funds gradually saved by such reductions applied to academical purposes. The necessity of some such reform in the present system is admitted by Mr. Brodrick himself, even while he urges considerations tending to show that it is undesirable. Similarly an antagonist of Mr. Brodrick's, while he urges considerations why the present system ought to be swept away altogether, may admit that practically it will have to be spared in part. Only, that the part spared may be as small as possible, let it be shown that the sparing is in deference to partiality and not to reason.

SIDNEY COLVIN.

QUAKERS AND QUAKERISM.

"READER, wouldst thou know what true peace and quiet mean; wouldst thou find a refuge from the noises and clamours of the multitude; wouldst thou enjoy at once solitude and society; wouldst thou possess thine own spirit in stillness without being shut out from the consolatory faces of thy species; wouldst thou be alone, yet accompanied, solitary, yet not desolate, singular, yet not without some to keep thee in countenance; a unit in aggregate, a simple in composite, come with me," says Charles Lamb, "into a Quakers' meeting."

Few, probably, of those who are familiar with the charming essay from which we quote have accepted the invitation. Few have made their way some summer Sunday into that quiet place, generally even in towns set round with waving boughs, and harmless flowers, and "fair ungrieving things," which seems already to have attained

"To where beyond these voices there is peace;"

where a soft multitudinous silence reigns as of a windless sea with all its waves at rest, where even the children sit with faces as hushed and wide-eyed as the daisies in the summer sun without, and the tired spirit, weary with the strife of tongues and all the barren noises of the outer world, bathes itself in stillness, while, in solemn Quaker phrase, "sitting before the Lord."

But, though few of us have any personal acquaintance with the silent charms of a Quakers' meeting, most of us have experienced a certain restfulness in the individual Quaker, especially in the women, the myrrh and cassia of those silent meadows they tread weekly still clinging to their garments. Perhaps in some noisy railway-station, some scene of coal-smoke and human bustle, we have suddenly found ourselves face to face with such a one, clad in that spotless Quaker vesture which, like the lily's, refuses to know the defilements of earth, and have felt a sudden stillness come upon us as our eyes rested on those soft pearl greys that seem borrowed from early morning skies, and our troubled glance sank rebuked before those quiet eyes that gaze forth on us from under the peaceful eaves of the quaint poke-bonnet, itself so restful a protest against the evershifting vanities of human head-gear, and the restless human brains beneath. And which of us on being asked with that tender scriptural directness which refuses to slur over one's individuality by addressing one as a loose multitude in the plural form, "Art thou bound on a long journey?" has been altogether able to resist an eerie feeling creeping over him, a sense of a far-off silent bourne from which no traveller returns, as though he had heard in his heart a distant murmur, a waft of bells from that "strange and undiscovered city which we seek," as pilgrims on a far journey.

But though we are all familiar with the individual Quaker, and as a rule hold in love and respect this peaceful "Society of Friends," to give them, not the name by which they were called in derision by the world, but the beautiful name they chose for themselves—*La Société des Amis*, as their French brethren are called—little is generally known of their history, or of all that has been accomplished in the Christian Church by these worshippers of Light and Silence, a Light "that lighteth every man that cometh into the world," a Silence which is the voice of God in the soul.

We propose, therefore, in the present number to give a brief sketch of their history and constitution, without which it would be impossible to understand the position which they occupy, and

then to enter in greater detail into what they have accomplished, the many remarkable movements in which they have taken the lead, showing themselves on many points to be far in advance of the rest of the Christian Church.

Quakerism, as we all know, was founded by George Fox, born 1624, the son of a weaver known as righteous Christer, who apprenticed him to a shoemaker; but as the shoemaker also dealt in wool, George's business was chiefly to see after the sheep. But it was doubtless from his master's shop that he got the materials for that memorable protest against the forlorn nakedness of man, which makes him a pauper dependent for out-door relief on his lowliest fellow-creatures. It was doubtless there that he wrought that "leather hull from which the divinity and dignity of man was once again preached, no longer in scorn, as from the cynic's tub, but in love."

The owner of this "perennial suit of leather," this strange young shepherd, that same spring when Charles I. surrendered himself and his cause to the Scotch Presbyterians, might have been seen wandering forlornly about the fields of Drayton and Coventry, in sore conflict of soul, sitting in hollow trees alone with his Bible, "for," as he says in that old Hebrew prophet's journal of his, "I found none to speak to my condition." The clergyman of Mancetter, with whom he reasoned "about the ground of temptations and despair," bade him take tobacco, and sing psalms. "But," as he says quaintly, "tobacco was a thing I did not love, and Psalms I was not in a state to sing." Another, a "priest of high renown," would needs give him physic, and he was to have let blood; but not a drop of blood could they get from him, his "body being, as it were, dried up with griefs, and sorrows, and troubles." "So neither them nor any of the dissenting people could I join with, but was a stranger to all, relying wholly upon the Lord Jesus Christ."

At last, after enduring great troubles and torments, and when all his hopes in all men were gone, so that he had nothing outwardly to help him, nor could tell what to do, he heard a voice which said, "There is One, even Christ Jesus, that can speak to thy condition." "And when I heard it my heart did leap for joy."

Soon after he thus found peace, not in the systems of man, but in the "inward teaching of Christ, who hath the key, and who opened the door of life and light," George Fox began to preach, travelling on horse or foot all over the United Kingdom, and ultimately even extending his labours to the Barbadoes, America, and Holland.

To understand the effect produced by the preaching of this remarkable but uneducated man, one must realise the state of religious thought which then prevailed. Theology had not yet broken through a hard crust of scholasticism and logomachy which bound it in, and made it rather an endless disputing on words and notions, than a living grasp on facts and spiritual realities. A London minister could still undertake to prove the doctrine of the Trinity to some of the early Friends by the following syllogism, supported by a spurious text: "There are three that bear record in heaven, the Father, the Word, and the Holy Ghost, and these three are one."

These are either three manifestations, three operations, three substances, or three anything else besides subsistences. But they are not three manifestations, three operations, three substances, nor three anything else besides subsistences. *Ergo*, three subsistences.

It is not likely that such barren verbiage as this would afford any common ground to meet on in the worship of common truth. Everywhere strife and confusion reigned, while a certain hard externalism which characterized the prevailing religious thought found its appropriate expression in persecution, the only ground of union being abhorrence of the "hideous idol, Toleration." Calvinism, with its remorseless logic, which if, in M. Guizot's words, "it

tortures history," still more tortures those infinite truths that from their very nature burst the bounds of our narrow possibilities, and, existing as contradictions to the intellect, can only be apprehended as a whole by the moral emotions of man; Romanism, with its priestcraft and its burdensome rites and ceremonies, the gilded tomb beneath which the responsibility and freedom of man lay buried; a hard Judaizing Puritanism on one hand, and on the other a Church enforcing a rigid conformity, "as stanch and solid piece of framework as ever any January frost could freeze together;" what wonder that men were weary of it all? What wonder if men like Milton ceased to attend any place of worship, loathing the jarring of the sects; that Cromwell exclaimed in despair, "Every sect saith, Give me liberty; but give it to him, and to his power he will not yield it to anybody else." What wonder that men's souls were everywhere beginning to be sick of these disputed shadows, and to long for some undisputed reality?

To this craving the preaching of George Fox appealed, the "man who stood forth from the Babel of tongues, and preached the inner truth and meaning of all those things the sects were disputing about." That the kingdom of God is within us, that there is an indwelling Spirit, a Light "that lighteth every man that cometh into the world;" that one must listen to His voice, not in the Babel of creeds without, not even in the letter of a sacred book, but in the silence of one's own heart within; that Christ's atoning work must be realised in the heart, and that it is the Christ in us which is the hope of glory; that the Church is not "an old house made up of stones, lime, and wood; but the blessed company of all faithful people" who are walking by the inner Light; that the true priest and prophet is the man or the woman in whom the Eternal speaks, and whose ministry is not for hire—this was the message of George Fox. Crowds gathered to hear him; wherever the report flew through village or town, "the man in leather breeches is come," the priests in many places fled in alarm; the "earthly and airy spirit in which people held their religion was shaken;" and numbers gave in their adhesion to this people, called Quakers in derision by an unjust judge whom George Fox had bade "tremble and quake before the Lord."

The position the Quakers now found themselves in amid the contending sects irresistibly reminds one of Heine's story of the two children who were disputing as to the nature of the moon, one saying her mother had told her it was made of sugar and that the angels broke it up with the sugar-nippers every month into the little stars, the other declaring her grandmother had told her it was a fire-melon that was consumed every month in the infernal regions with pepper and salt, as no sugar was to be had. From ridiculing each other's rival views they soon proceeded to blows, and were scratching and tearing one another in true polemical fashion, when they were separated by a boy coming out of the neighbouring school. He, being better instructed, proceeded calmly to explain the true nature of the heavenly body. But with what result? That the two angry little controversialists at once compounded their own differences, and united their forces in cudgelling the dispassionate young philosopher within an inch of his life. In much the same way the empty religious disputants of that day combined in ill-treating these peaceful preachers of spiritual truth, "the accursed race of heretics called Quakers," as they are denominated by the New England Puritans. It mattered not what party was in power, Quakers were whipped, fined, imprisoned, as many as 2,000 being scattered in loathsome dungeons throughout the kingdom. Forbidden by their conscience to resist, they were indeed as sheep to the slaughter; and we must go back to the times of the early Christians to find anything so touching as the heroic tranquillity, the unflinching firmness, the unresisting meekness, with which they bore their cruel wrongs and sufferings.

But at the same time we must admit that perhaps their negations, even more than their affirmations, were responsible for the violence of the persecution that raged against them. With a not unnatural rebound from the externalism and word disputes of the time, George Fox and his followers were led to reject all rites and ceremonies and time-honoured customs. Because some people built upon the bridge, the bridge itself must be destroyed. The sacraments, judicial oaths, marriage ceremonies, an ordained ministry, tithes, mourning clothes, military service even for national defence, down to the "lying habit" of addressing individuals in the plural number, and of taking off the hat in sign of deference—the early Quakers made a clean sweep of them all. We question whether any of their doctrines or practices produced so much irritation as the last mentioned. Homer placed the vulnerable point of his hero in the heel; for the mass of mankind it would seem to lie at the other extremity, in the hat. "O the rage and scorn," exclaims Fox in his *Journal*, "the heat and fury that arose! O the blows, punchings, beatings, and imprisonments that we underwent for not putting off our hats to men: for that soon tried all men's patience and sobriety what it was. The bad language and evil usage we received on this account is hard to be expressed, besides the danger we were sometimes in of losing our lives for this matter, and that by the great professors of Christianity."

But despite the continued persecution, which raged for a space of forty years, when James II. issued his Declaration of Indulgence, by which 1,400 Friends were liberated from prison, the Quakers continued to increase in numbers. Increased weight was also given them by the accession of men in high position, such as Penn and Barclay of Urie, the author of the celebrated *Apology*, a book of divinity which the late Bishop Thirlwall is said to have highly recommended to students of theology. But everywhere, whether at court or in prison, we find them upholding the great principles of religious liberty and the rights of conscience, wearying out persecution in their own persons, and pleading, both by pamphlet and speech, for toleration, not only towards their own members, but for all other oppressed sects, in the spirit of Milton's noble words, which they only seemed to grasp, "Let Truth and Falsehood grapple; who ever knew Truth put to the worst in free and open encounter?"

So little practical recognition, however, could then be won for these enlightened views, that large numbers of the persecuted Friends emigrated to New Jersey; and on the grant of extensive lands by the Crown to William Penn, the new territory, Pennsylvania, was colonised entirely by them. Perhaps one of the fairest and most unsullied chapters in human history is that in which Penn and his people, acting on their large and catholic theology, met unarmed those American Indians whom all other European settlers had contemplated as fierce and bloodthirsty savages, and addressing them as children of a common Father, concluded with them that Treaty which, in Voltaire's words, was "the only league between those nations and the Christians that was never sworn to and never broken."

In consequence of this rapid spread of Quakerism, George Fox commenced, in 1667, the definite organization of the Society. The report of the religious census of 1851 puts in a few sentences the main features of the system he adopted. "Three gradations of meetings or synods, monthly, quarterly, and yearly, administer the affairs of the Society, including in their supervision matters both of spiritual discipline and secular policy. The monthly meetings, composed of all the congregations within a definite circuit, the men and women forming separate chambers, except on particular occasions, judge of the fitness of new candidates for membership, supply certificates to such as move to other districts, choose fit persons as elders to watch over the ministry, recommend to the quarterly meeting any who have

'a concern' to preach or in other ways to minister elsewhere, so that, if approved, their expenses may be defrayed by the Society; and seek the reformation or pronounce the expulsion of all who walk disorderly, as well as stimulate all the members to religious duty. They also make provision for poor members and secure the education of their children, and sanction marriages before their solemnization at a meeting for worship. Overseers are also appointed to assist in the promotion of these objects. Several monthly meetings compose a quarterly meeting, to which they forward general reports of their condition, and at which appeals are heard from their decision. The yearly meeting holds the same relative position to the quarterly meetings that the latter do to the monthly meetings, and has the general superintendence of the Society in a particular country. There is also a standing committee of the general meeting called the 'Meeting for Sufferings,' from its original object of succouring persecuted Friends, which dispenses the general funds of the Society, and takes cognizance of whatever may arise affecting its interests and requiring immediate attention."

It will be seen from this sketch that the constitution of the Society of Friends is democratic and decentralized in the extreme, the monthly meeting, consisting of one or more congregations, being the executive; but at the same time it is saved by the legislative and controlling power of the general meeting from the narrow individualism and local republicanism, the "divine right of coteries," which forms the inherent vice of congregationalism.

The appointment of the ministry is peculiar to the Friends. George Fox rejected the "one man ministry," and with it the common-sense principle that "the labourer is worthy of his hire." Any one, irrespective of sex, who feels moved thereto may stand up and preach in the meeting for worship. But let not the reader think this must needs lead to a Babel of words, and a natural selection of the longest tongues, generally supposed to be of the feminine gender, which could scarcely be defined as "a survival of the fittest." Quaker discipline averts this danger. Should the word prove unto edification, the preacher, male or female, is enrolled as a minister, and then has the counsels of experienced elders in the exercise of his or her gift. But should it not be so, the elders signify the same after a time on the part of the congregation, and the speaker is reminded that the wise man saith there is a time for silence as well as a time for speech—in the coarser phraseology of the world, he or she is requested to shut up. Perhaps some of those who consider it a religious duty unflinchingly to submit their souls to a weekly macadamising of pulpit platitudes may not be altogether without a feeling of envy at any Church militant possessing a privilege which seems rather to savour of the Church triumphant.

On the great crucial question of marriage George Fox's views were clear and deep. He was free from the confusion of thought which makes so many minds identify marriage with the ecclesiastical rite that celebrates it; and from the superficial view which regards it as a mere civil contract, and not rather as the deepest symbol of the divine in man. "We marry none," he says, "but are witnesses of it, marriage being God's joining, not man's." Marriage, in his eyes, is essentially the altar that sanctifies the gift of prayer and praise laid on it; it is not the gift that sanctifies the altar. In accordance with this elevated view of the religious sanctity of marriage, the utmost care was taken that this sacred union should not be entered into lightly; but in the presence of numerous witnesses who attested the marriage certificate. But with that unfortunate narrowness of the human mind which so often distorts the great truths it grasps, the early Friends forgot that this view of marriage is compatible with any religious rite; and marriage by a priest became an almost more frequent source of disownment in the after history of the Society than even grave moral offences.

On the death of Fox, 1690, and the

passing away of its first founders by the close of the seventeenth century, Quakerism underwent a great change. It lost its aggressive character, its brave assault upon the world, which made it in the mind of its first founders not so much a new sect as primitive Christianity itself restored to mankind, and retreated more and more within its own borders, endeavouring to isolate itself from the world it had at first hoped to conquer. With the withdrawal of persecution, and with the singular commercial success which has always attended the Quakers in common with the Jews, came a decline of zeal and a decreasing ministry, both resulting in the Society being more and more content to bear a negative testimony, by disownment of its erring members, against the evils it had at first actively combated; a testimony which, while it had no effect on the world without, disastrously thinned the numbers of the Society. The very greatness of the truth it held from the first became a source of weakness and error. Believing that

> "God is never so far off
> As even to be near,"

believing in the inner Light, the indwelling Spirit, they deprecated anything which was supposed to distract the mind from its inner teaching. They failed to grasp the truth that the work of the Light within is to shine on the darkness without, and reveal God in all things, sanctifying and illuminating all human life, clothing itself in the slow, sweet pomp of sunset and sunrise, of starry skies, and ordered lights, and returning seasons, uttering itself in the infinite aspirations of music, shaping for itself a body out of the lovely forms of Art. "I was moved," says George Fox, "to cry against all kinds of music, for it burthened the pure life." Music, the drama, art, fiction, in which a genius only second to Shakespeare has of late manifested itself, are all the subjects of repeated reprobation and admonition in the minutes of the yearly meetings of the Friends.

And so that which had begun as a protest against externalism, and a return from religious formulas and intellectual dogmas and superstitious rites and ceremonies to the great fountains of spiritual life within, ended by the gradual accretion of a formalism of its own. The dress, which at first differed only in plainness from the prevailing dress of the day, became in course of time a badge, departure from which was a mark of unfaithfulness, just as the ordinary peasant dress adopted by St. Francis and his followers in token of humility and poverty became the monkish garb of later days. Marriages could only be contracted between members of the Society and according to Quaker rites, any infringement of this narrow rule being followed by disownment. The new creature, to whom old things have passed away, must only speak in antique forms of speech. The very protest against forms became in itself an absurd formalism, men of deep and undoubted piety being disowned for no graver offence than having received one or other of the sacraments on conscientious grounds.

The immense revival of discipline which took place in 1770 assumed the same negative and restrictive character, and Friends increasingly isolated themselves from the world they had at first gone forth so bravely to subdue. The powerful action which still remained to Quakerism was carried out by isolated individuals, and no longer by the Society at large.

In Ireland, at the close of the eighteenth century, and thirty years later in America, extensive secessions took place on doctrinal grounds, the undue stress laid on the inner Light, to the practical exclusion of the atoning work of Christ, leading to Unitarian tendencies and a denial of the Inspiration of the Scriptures. Modern Friends have accordingly supplemented their theology, and while holding as strongly as ever the old mighty truth, "I believe in the Holy Ghost," give a far more prominent place to the Atonement in their teaching.

It is to both the merits and defects of

Quakerism that we must attribute its steady decline in numbers. On the one hand its high standard of practice, its strict discipline, the steady protest it has maintained against war, undue luxury, &c., led to many defections and disownments. On the other, its rigid unassimilative character, its vexatious restrictions, its marriage limitations, its public worship, only adapted for the τέλειοι, but which takes no count of the weak and the ignorant, the absence of the Sacraments, and the want of an established ministry for religious teaching, have all contributed to the decline of the Society in numerical strength. At the end of the seventeenth century, if we are to trust to the anonymous and hostile author of *The Snake in the Grass*, a pamphlet directed against the Friends, the Society numbered in England alone one hundred thousand. In Dalrymple's Memoirs they are stated at half that number; but as he quotes from returns furnished to William III. by parties wishing to magnify the strength of the National Church and to underrate the number of Dissenters, this is probably an under-statement. It would be tedious to enter into the statistics which enable us to strike the balance between the two; but estimating the population of the United Kingdom at eight millions and a half, we may approximately conclude that one person in one hundred and thirty professed with the Friends in the latter part of the seventeenth century. At the present day, whilst the population has nearly quadrupled, the Society of Friends numbers in the United Kingdom only 26,000, or about one person in twelve hundred.

Nor do we think that the withdrawal of vexatious restrictions, and archaic narrowness which marks the Quakerism of the present day, and its greater assimilation to modern life, will prove sufficient to prevent a yet further decline, though we do not contemplate the extinction of Quakerism till the Christian Church has absorbed into herself the distinctive truths to which it has borne such noble witness.

What, then, must be our final judgment on Quakerism? How account for both its strength and its weakness, the immense influence it has exerted outside its own body, and its steady numerical decline within?

As a system, Quakerism must be regarded as essentially defective. It mutilates life, instead of consecrating it as a whole. Poetry, art, music, all the changeful lesser lights of life, are blotted out in its soft drab shadow. This defective side of Quakerism is unconsciously expressed in its rejection of the Sacraments. The Founder of Christianity took the two commonest actions of life, washing and eating, and made them the symbols of the awful and the divine, the outward and visible signs of His religion, thereby consecrating the whole of man's life in Nature, forbidding us to call any part of it common or unclean. The mountain stream as it dashes past us is made the symbol of a purer and a higher life; the commonest element witnesses to us of the purification of a Divine Love. The corn that makes the valley rich with the gold of God, the grape with its sun-sweetened clusters, speak to us of our union with the Light of men, and of that Feast in which all other feasts, the feast of the eye, and of the ear, as well as the feast of social mirth, are consecrated. The Sacraments, as ordained by Christ, were the consecration of human life with all its gracious dependence on the kindly creatures of God, all its harmless play in the sunshine, all its touching wants and limitations, which yet make room for the divine. And in rejecting them because of the superstitious and often idolatrous use to which they have been put, Quakerism unconsciously betrayed its deep inner defect.

But may we not say that in the providence of God it has laid down its own deeper and fuller life as a church for the sake of the Church at large? By its very rejection of all outward forms, and its realisation in individuals of the deepest and most spiritual type of Christianity, it stands as an eternal witness to the spirituality of Christ's religion, and the catholic operations of

God's Spirit, a truth emphasized by the very isolation in which it is held, an eternal protest against the Sacramentarianism

> "Which would confine the Interminable,
> And tie Him to His own prescript,
> Who made His laws to bind us, not Himself."

But if as a system on which to found a divine society Quakerism is defective, we doubt whether as a school for the energetic yet disciplined development of individual character it is not unrivalled; and to this we attribute its being on so many points in advance of the Christian Church. In its absolute recognition of the sacredness of individual responsibility, every man and woman being the possible mouthpiece of the Divinity, in the facilities it offers for the *supériorités légitimes* coming to the front, the whole body being bound to assist the exercise of the individual's gift, in the silence and subjection it enjoins to the Divine Voice, above all in its intense recognition of a great spiritual force—call it by what name you will—which a man can lay hold of by faith and make his own, Quakerism stands alone and unrivalled. The Inner Light the Quaker believes in is an inexhaustible source of force, like the sun without. He does not expect to work uncalled-for miracles by it; there is nothing arbitrary in its action any more than in the forces of Nature; it only works in the line of the Divine Will, but in the line of that Will it is practically omnipotent. As an engineer takes hold of some natural force, and by obeying its laws makes it his own, and drives his engine right through the granite bases of an Alp, so by obeying the Divine Spirit we gain a supernatural power before which all obstacles must disappear. In Emerson's noble words—

> "So nigh to grandeur is our dust,
> So nigh is God to man,
> When Duty whispers low 'Thou must,'
> The soul replies 'I can.'"

As St. Theresa said when she set to work to found a much-needed house of mercy with only three halfpence in her pocket, "Theresa and three halfpence can do nothing; but God and three halfpence can do all things." In this practical recognition of a great ever-present spiritual force, the power of the Holy Spirit, has not Quakerism still got much to teach the Church at large, and, once learnt, might not a new era dawn on Christianity?

We propose in our next article to treat of what this small and decreasing sect has already accomplished through this belief, both in the witness it has borne to hitherto unrecognized truths, and the actual reforms it has carried out.

ELLICE HOPKINS.

To be continued.

THE "VENUS" OF QUINIPILY.

"Quant à la figure, jamais je ne parviendrai à exprimer son caractère étrange."—*La Vénus d'Ille.*

Prosper Mérimée, in one of the most striking of his very charming short stories—that from which we have made our quotation—tells how a statue of Venus, supposed to be an antique, was dug up in the grounds of a French antiquary, and how, being offended, she instantly avenged herself, and afterwards compassed the death of an unwary youth who had placed a ring on her bronze finger on the eve of his marriage. The story is weird and unnatural, and it haunts the memory; for years after reading it I had somehow connected it with the famous statue of Quinipily, near Baud, in Brittany, although the scene of *La Vénus d'Ille* is laid at the foot of the Eastern Pyrenees.

It may be that the statue of Baud created for Mérimée this strange fantastic story, although in his notice of the idol he denies its claim to antiquity; but when, some years after reading *La Vénus d'Ille*, I met with an account of the "Venus" of Quinipily, the Breton statue became to me something which I longed to see, and yet something from which I shrank with a vague dread; and when, some months since, the longed-for opportunity arrived, my expectation was at its height.

We were so shaken by an hour and a half's drive from St. Nicholas in a cart without springs that, as the little town of Baud seemed to offer no inducement to explore it, we rested at the inn, the Chapeau Rouge, before setting out to see the statue. The inn seemed to be kept by a father and daughter; the latter waited on us, and expressed much disappointment when she heard that we could not stay the night.

"Ah," she shook her head and looked very melancholy, "it is so with travellers; they miss much that they should see. Ah, it is a pity not to stay. If Monsieur saw us on Sunday, he would find plenty to fill his sketch-book with; no need to go to St. Nicodème for that; our dresses are something to see as we come out of church; we have velvet so wide," measuring about three inches off her finger, "on our skirts."

Her working dress was very quaint, the broad lappets of her flat muslin cap being pinned across the back of her head so as to give the appearance of a white pyramid. Her black cloth dress had the square opening of the body filled as usual by a white muslin kerchief, but the sleeves were very graceful—unlike any we had seen in Brittany—wide and open at the wrist, with loose white under-sleeves.

She was very *piquante* looking—much fairer than any Bretonne we had met with. She said that though her life had been passed at Baud, and though St. Nicholas was the next station, she had never seen the Pardon of St. Nicodème. "But then," she gave a deep sigh, "we are five kilometres from the station."

She fetched a dark-eyed little boy to guide us to the statue; and certainly we should not have found the way easily without him. Leaving the high-road, we went across a field of sweet-scented clover, and then through a plot of buck-wheat, covered with delicate white flowers, trembling on their scarlet stalks. Spreading chestnut trees rose up out of the hedges, giving grateful shade, for the sun was still hot, and we were glad to reach a lofty wood clothing the side of a steep hill. The path through the trees is cut on the side of this hill, and we saw the high-road at some distance below through the trunks of the trees.

These are planted so closely, and are so tall and overshadowing, that there is a dim mysterious light in the wood in keeping with the strange relic of Pagan superstition to which the path leads. Blocks of moss-stained granite show here and there among the trees—brambles and furze border the winding, uneven path, which takes its way now up-hill, now down-hill, between the tall dark trees. It is a singularly lonely and romantic walk. Here and there, where the trees opened, the golden afternoon sunshine streamed through, lighting up the grey-green trunks, and glowing on the crimson arms of brambles as they lay, seemingly idle, but really strangling the seeded gorse.

About half-way through the wood is a large rock, clothed with moss and brambles. A niche has been carved in the granite, and in it is a statue of the Blessed Virgin. Little steps cut on one side lead to a turfed resting-place above, and from here one sees the dark forest of Camors beyond the trees of the wood.

We had seen at St. Nicholas the hill of Castennec on the opposite side of the Blavet, and had learned that anciently it was occupied by the Roman station of Sulis. On this hill, near the farm la Garde (now Couarde), once stood the mysterious statue we were going to see. There is no precise information to be gathered about its origin. Some authorities say it is Egyptian, some Gallic or Roman, others say that it only dates back to the sixteenth century. So much, however, is certainty — that it was called la Couarde, or la Gward, and that it was looked on with great reverence, and assiduously worshipped by the peasantry till the end of the seventeenth century. Offerings were made to it, the sick "touched" it in order to be cured of diseases, women after the birth of a child bathed in the large granite basin at its foot, and various pagan and foul rites were enacted before it.

The clergy at last interfered to stop this heathen worship; they besought Claude, Count of Lannion, to destroy the statue of la Couarde, and the Count caused the idol to be taken from its pedestal, and thrown down from the hill of Castennec into the river below; but this dethronement of their goddess enraged the peasantry, and when, soon after, abundant rain set in, and destroyed their harvest, they looked on this as a token of the anger of their insulted idol. They assembled in great numbers, drew the statue from the bottom of the river, dragged it up the hill again, and set it triumphantly in its ancient place. According to Monsieur Fouquet of Vannes, la Couarde was thrown twice into the Blavet; the second time by Count Claude, in 1671, and on this occasion her bosom and one arm were mutilated. The peasants continued to worship her after her second restoration till 1696, and then Charles Rosmadec, Bishop of Vannes, resolved to stamp out this degrading paganism from his diocese. He called on Peter, Count of Lannion, son of Claude, to break up and utterly destroy the image of la Couarde.

Now, though Count Peter was an obedient son of the Church, he was an intellectual man, and an antiquary also, and he could not bring himself to destroy this singular relic of the superstition of so many ages. He therefore decided on removing the statue and its granite basin to the courtyard of his own château of Quinipily, and we are told it took forty yoke of oxen to drag the huge mass of granite from Castennec to the château. More than once during its passage the soldiers came to blows with the peasants, furious at the loss of their idol.

The nature of the worship paid to la Couarde seems to have deceived Count Peter into the belief that the image was a Roman Venus; he therefore caused it to be placed above a fountain with these inscriptions on the four sides of its lofty pedestal:—

"Veneri Victrici vota C. I. C.

"C. Cæsar Gallia tota subacta dictatoris nomine inde capto ad Britanniam transgressus, non seipsum tantum sed patriam victor coronavit.

"Venus, Armoricorum oraculum, duce Julio C.C. Claudio Marcello et L. Cornelio Lentulo, coss. ab. v. c. DCCV.

"P. Comes de Lannion paganorum hoc numen populis huc usque venerabile superstitioni eripuit, idemque hoc in loco jussit collocari anno domini 1696."

The château of Quinipily has disappeared. There is now only a farm; and passing by this, we caught a glimpse of the statue among the trees.

We went through a gate, and soon reached a stone fountain, overgrown with long red brambles and clinging green sprays. In front of this fountain was a huge oblong granite basin, curved at one end, the dark water within almost choked by an overgrowth of small starlike yellow flowers. On a tall pedestal rising above the fountain and surrounded by shadowing apple-trees was the statue. Even without its weird history there is something strange and uncanny in this huge misshapen figure—a large uncouth grey woman, about seven feet high. A sort of stole passes round her neck, and falls on each side nearly to the knees. Round her head is a fillet, and on this, above the forehead, are the three large distinct letters I I T, which are such a puzzle to French antiquaries. The arms are too thin for the body, and are folded, the hands placed one on the other. The sculpture is as rough and coarse as possible, the body is large and uncouth, the bust flattened, and the eyes, nose, and mouth are exactly like those of Egyptian idols; the fingers and toes are indicated by mere lines, and the legs are scarcely relieved from the rough granite block.

I confess that I felt a certain awe in the contemplation of this ugly shapeless idol, and there is certainly a malicious inscrutable expression in her face. She looks a fit emblem of dark pagan worship.

We climbed up to the top of the high bank against which the fountain stands and went some little way back. The idol loomed through the trees in gigantic weirdness; she was far more impressive from this distance. It appears that Count Peter caused her to be rechiselled before he set her up at Quinipily, "pour lui ôter," says Monsieur Fouquet, "ce qu'elle avait d'indécent dans la forme." It is possible that the letters I I T may have been sculptured at that time, also the stole which now partially clothes her figure. It is this rechiselling which puts the antiquaries at fault, for there has been a fierce war among them about la Couarde. Monsieur de Penhouët says she is the work of Moorish soldiers in the Roman army, but we thought she looked like an Egyptian idol. Certainly she never could have been meant to represent Venus, she is too uncouth and disproportioned.

Farther on, behind the statue, we came to another ruined fountain, from which a tiny thread of water trickles silently through the grass. This fountain is dank with huge coarse weeds and embraced by boisterous rampant brambles, its dark water choked by fallen sprays and decaying leaves; a gamut of exquisite colour from tawniest brown to cold sage, lay on or beneath the water; the desolation was complete; there was no link to connect the place with those who must once have lived and died in the old château, and as we turned away from the damp mouldering fountain, through the veil of apple trees, in front of us loomed the grey pagan idol with its misshapen limbs, its mocking smile seeming to assert sway over the wilderness.

The light was growing grey and subdued. An hour later we felt it would be more in harmony with this place, which seems a fitter haunt for bats and owls, and for the ivy and dark weeds near the fountains than for the glow in which we saw it on arriving, the golden starlike flowers opening their tiny hearts to the sunshine, and the rosy apples moving gently on their gray, green boughs above the yellow grass.

One of my companions stayed behind to sketch the statue, another to pelt her with the apples that lay strewn among the grass. I gravely warned him of the consequences of insulting an idol, but

he only laughed, and I walked back through the lovely, lonely wood.

All at once I heard a loud barking, and looking down to the road so far below me, through the trunks and branches of the trees on this steep hill, I saw a huge yellow and white dog leaping and springing from one rocky projection to another.

He was evidently coming up towards me, and he barked so angrily that I felt terror-struck. I stood still, so did the dog—"this comes of insulting an idol" I thought—and then on he came looking so savage that I called out for help, though I feared my voice would scarcely reach my companions. My raised parasol made the creature stop again, but he was so near me I felt he must fly at me in another minute. It was a great relief to hear the shouts of one of my companions, who as soon as he came in sight flung a stone, and the dog ran howling down the hill as fast as he had come up. This may serve as a warning to travellers not to irritate the ungainly stone woman of Quinipily lest she send her familiar in the shape of a yellow dog to punish the insult.

We had dismissed our little guide, and found our way home through an apple-orchard, the level light gilding the lichen on the old gnarled trunks of the trees. Presently there came towards us from among the trees a man wheeling a barrow, followed by two quaint brown children. One child had a dark blue frock; the man and the other child were clothed in low toned grey and brown, with some relief in white. The little group, with its sweet background, looked like an animated "Walker," and we longed to ask them to stop to be sketched in the tender fading light that was so in harmony with them; but they were going home to supper, and were soon out of sight among the trees.

The dinner at the Chapeau Rouge was a pleasant surprise, being far more elaborate and better served than many meals we had had in more pretentious inns. It seems to be a comfortable little resting-place for weary travellers, and we were sorry we had decided to go on to Pontivy. The country all round Baud is very lovely and full of variety. Besides the parish church there is a chapel, also a fountain dedicated to Notre Dame de la Clarté, and celebrated for the cures worked on eye diseases. Those curious little crystals called staurotides which break in the form of a cross are found at Baud.

Nearer the Blavet, not far from Baud to the north-west, is the chapel of St. Adrien; there are two fountains within and one without the curious little building, and they are all three believed to work wonderful cures on sick people. When the water fails to effect the desired miracle the patient rubs himself with round stones placed on the edge of the fountain. In extreme cases when the patient is too ill to walk to the fountain his shirt is taken instead and plunged into the water.

If the collar and cuffs float he is sure to recover, but if they sink he dies. This seems almost on a par with the ancient "touching" of La Couarde.

The walk from Baud to Auray is very delightful, and Pluvigner makes a very pleasant halt. Near Camors, which lies between Pluvigner and Baud, are some remains of the foundations of Porhoët-er-Saleu, an ancient fortress once held by the wicked Comorre, Count of Léon in the 6th century, the Bluebeard husband of S. Tryphina.

The old town of Pontivy is full of narrow twisting streets; its new half—Napoléonville—dates only from the first Empire, but it is empty and grass-grown. It is clean and airy, however, and full of soldiers, and the Place is immense. A pine wood appears at one end above the houses. The church of Pontivy is only remarkable for eight curious statues at the west end.

But the castle is very fine and in excellent preservation. It is built on the side of a hill not far from the Blavet. Two enormous flanking towers have high conical roofs; they are sunk in a fosse over which a bridge leads into the castle; all along the top of the curtain

wall are quaint dormer windows. The original castle was of very ancient date, and fell into complete decay in the 14th century. A hundred years later Duke John de Rohan built this castle on the ruins of its predecessor as if he meant it to be a stronghold for ever.

But it is no longer a fortress. Instead of soldiers, rosy-faced children go in and out through the frowning dark gateway. Sisters of the charity of St. Louis keep a school within the old ivy-clothed walls.

Général le Normand de Lourval who fell so bravely at Sebastopol, was a native of Pontivy; there is an inscription on the house in which he was born and his statue stands in the Place d'Armes. An English monk of Lindisfarne named S. Ivy, founded a monastery here in the 7th century, and the town grew up round its walls and took its name from the saint. All the old gates except one have disappeared. It is a pity there is not more in the town to detain the traveller, for the inn is very good and clean.

In the early morning a charming scene greeted us from our bedroom window. At one side was a small farm yard, — peacocks and turkeys strutting about, screaming and gobbling among the humbler ducks and fowls, on the other side were gardens filled with pear trees and spreading shady fig branches, and immediately opposite our window ran a pergola of vines, clematis, and wisteria, foliage and blossoms mingled in wild luxuriance. The breakfast spread for us was one of the most tasteful we had seen in Brittany. Cherries glowing with colour and yet cool with the freshness of morning dew; raspberries with frosted leaves; plums, golden pears, almonds in their lovely green covering, little cakes of various shapes, were arranged in pretty little dishes on a long table with flowers at intervals, and the meal served, beginning with delicious lobster, was quite as good to the taste.

Our landlord had provided us with a very comfortable almost new carriage and a good horse, and we started in the quiet freshness of early morning for the Pardon of St. Nicodème, the cloudless sky and the brilliant sunshine promising that by mid-day the heat would be intense.

K. S. M.

NATURAL RELIGION.

VII.

The reader of these papers will have long since remarked that by Natural Religion is not here understood, as in the Deistical speculations of the eighteenth century, a religion which is the same in all countries and times, and is equally accepted "by saint, by savage, or by sage." That is, "natural" is not here opposed to "revealed." On the contrary, the religion here spoken of is conceived as revealed in different degrees to different men, and as developing itself through the course of history by means of successive revelations. It is called natural only in distinction from supernatural religion, and even to supernatural religion it stands in no opposition. The object of drawing the distinction was not to throw doubt on the supernatural, but merely, since doubt *has* been thrown on it, to inquire how much or how little of religion would remain to us if all that part of it which is founded on supernatural occurrences had to be abandoned. Accordingly, whereas in the old sense of the phrase, Natural Religion was exclusive of Christianity, in the sense in which it is here used it must be regarded as including Christianity, since Christianity is one of the great steps in the historical development of religion.

But the reader will have noticed that I have deviated from common usage still more in my treatment of the word "religion" than of the word "natural." This indeed was unavoidable, and it will more and more be felt in religious discussion how necessary it is to give some fixed and definite meaning to this word. Till lately this necessity was less felt, because the word religion was identified in most minds with a visible institution of commanding power. Religion meant a vast and vague class of things connected with the Christian Church, as Politics means a class of things connected with the State; and so long as the vast organization of the Roman Church, with her temporal power untouched and shielded by great states, subsisted in the very heart of civilization, all other Churches, even those most hostile to her, reaped the advantage of the definiteness which she gave to the word religion. Her rapid decline has thrown a number of questions open, and those who now think about religion do not put before their minds instinctively the body of doctrine taught by the Christian Church, and ask themselves whether it is true, but they begin by inquiring whether this body of doctrine, or something different, is what is meant by religion.

Hitherto then it has been supposed that there could be no serious dispute as to what is meant, at least in a general way, by religion. What is contained in the early creeds, what is held in common by the Catholic and older Protestant Churches—this, as a matter of course, was Christianity, and for all practical purposes this was identical with religion. Anything different from this might be a philosophy, though more probably it was only a cant, but it was certainly not a religion, and to set it up for Christianity was nothing less than impudent hypocrisy. Thus the Church, or rather the greater Churches of Christendom, were supposed, even by those who most bitterly opposed them, to have the exclusive right of deciding what was religion, and, still more, what was Christianity. Nevertheless, those who refuse to submit to ecclesiastical authority upon theological dogmas have just the same reason for having an opinion of their own about the nature and definition of religion.

Authority is as likely to be mistaken in the one case as in the other. In the one case as much as in the other the decisions of the Church were liable to be perverted by the extravagant predominance always given in the Church to a professional caste, and by the exaggerated respect always paid to tradition, and that a tradition from half-barbarous ages. Hence, as soon as unshackled minds begin to work constructively upon religious subjects—and that is the ruling characteristic of the present age—they take up a position quite different from that of the infidel; they dispute the authority of the Church to prescribe the subject of the debate; they do not so much give new answers to the old questions as propound new questions. They do this not at all from a desire to conceal a heterodoxy which they are afraid to avow, and just as little from a weak thraldom to old associations which makes it necessary to them still to fancy themselves Christians and religious when in reality they have ceased to be either. They do it because they sincerely believe that, in the controversy of the age, Is Christianity true? or, what is commonly believed to be the same question, Have we a religion? the defendants, so to speak—they are really two—are not in court, and are represented there by a single changeling. They believe that it matters little what becomes of the dogmatic system which is so keenly controverted because in any case it is not Christianity, and even if it were Christianity it would by no means be identical with religion.

Although religion is understood to have been much confused by controversies, yet most people hold that the grand outlines of it are quite unmistakable. Whatever it is not, at any rate, they think, it refers to a future state, and prescribes rules of life which may procure us happiness in that future state; or whatever it is not, it is certainly an attempt by means of faith to enter into mysteries hidden from the reason; or whatever it is not, certainly religion is a belief in a personal Deity with human qualities. And yet these assertions, which most people cannot hear questioned without losing their temper, are so evidently false that we can only understand how they come to be made by considering the dazzling influence that a single form of religion has for many centuries exerted on men's minds. None of these characteristics are to be found in all or in many of the religions of the world; many of the religions that have been most powerful and most beneficent have known nothing of them. There is little reason to think that the prophet Isaiah contemplated any future state, and therefore little reason to suppose that he regulated his life with a view to it; and it would be rather hard to make out that all religion is anthropomorphic in the face of the fact that the very foundation of the Jewish religion is laid in the denial of anthropomorphism. But all this has been sufficiently urged above. I have endeavoured to substitute for this idea of essential religion, not some new idea devised by myself, but an idea attained by the ordinary method of observation and abstraction; instead of examining only one religion in order to find out what religion consists in, I have looked at many religions of the most diverse kinds, and have tried to abstract their common characteristic. This common characteristic reveals itself very easily when this simple method is adopted, and appears still more plainly when, as in the last paper, that which is antithetical to religion is examined. In religion, then, we find a rule of life founded upon the principle of worship or habitual regulated admiration; and this rule of life is opposed to the mechanical, languid, and torpid routine of those who occupy themselves only with the interests of their own livelihood, or comfort, or prosperity.

But now if we are able to shake ourselves free from the inveterate misconception produced both in the minds of Christians and disbelievers by absolutely identifying religion with modern Christian orthodoxy, we find our view of

many things modified. In particular, that easy philosophy of history which has become current of late years through the influence of the newspapers will require to be reconsidered. The doctrine, that religion received in the last century from Voltaire, Hume, and the others, a a blow which is proving gradually mortal, that the patient has been steadily sinking ever since, and that the transient recoveries, the well-meant Socinianisms, Deisms, &c., are more and more plainly seen to be in vain, so that the only prospect is of Atheism and complete cessation of all religion—all this is seen to be founded simply upon the confusion of religion with orthodoxy, and to be made all the more fatally plausible because almost all the defenders of religion, being clergymen, instead of doing their best to clear up this confusion, are in a manner pledged to perpetuate it. When we look at the same course of events, having the other definition of religion in our minds, it appears to have quite a different tendency. It appears to point, not at a cessation of religion, but at a great growth of natural religion in the sense defined above, *i.e.*, natural religion, including revealed, but no longer dependent on supernatural religion.

That incredulity with respect to the supernatural steadily increases is evident; it has extended itself to the classes which formerly delighted in nothing so much as the marvellous. This is not surely because the case against the supernatural has grown stronger; indeed, in some respects it seems to have grown weaker; at least, the darling argument of the old sceptical schools, that we may pronounce *à priori* all occurrences of the class called supernatural to be impossible, is now given up by scientific men. But it might have been predicted from the first that when the notion of scientific law had been popularized beyond a certain point the popular mind would take the infection of that intolerance of miracle which had always been remarked in the scientific few. To minds on the look out for regularity in nature exceptions or miracles are annoying; and so the hatred of miracle becomes as much a superstition of the scientific mind as it is a superstition of the poet to attribute personality to inanimate things. There could not but come a time when this habit of thought would become general, and so far as the supernatural enters into any form of religion, it will, when this happens, give rise to scepticism about the religion itself. But inasmuch as religion itself has not necessarily any connection with the supernatural, and inasmuch as there is very much in Christianity and even in the ecclesiastical form of Christianity which is independent of the supernatural, we may notice in the recent history of religion much besides this partial decay. We may notice, in fact, a revival not less rapid and steady, a mighty revival of the spirit of religion, which is bringing us more and more into sympathy with those generations which believed intensely. Only the Church has still retained possession of the *vocabulary* of belief; the old phrases, so vigorous, natural, and poetic, had fallen into the hands of the professional caste, had been stiffened by too much definition, had been cheapened by too much use, had lost their sweetness through too much controversy; and so the reviving religious spirit has not gone back to them, but has chosen rather to coin new phrases, and the new coinage, seldom so good as the old, has still seemed preferable, because it could not be suspected of having been tampered with or debased. Hence it is often a matter of difficulty to identify the ancient belief when it is reissued in quite new language, and often by those who passionately repudiate it so long as it is expressed in the ancient formula. Thus at the very moment when men began to dare to call themselves Atheists they began to use the language of religious worship towards Nature. Poets were inspired with hymns in praise of Nature, philosophers began to study Nature with a new kind of ardour and devotion; and in course of time through this new worship the old Hebrew sublimity returned to poetry, the old

Hebrew indignation at anthropomorphism showed itself in science; and still it was long—so completely was the phraseology of worship pre-occupied by the Church—before it was understood that these feelings were really, and not in mere metaphor, worship; long, too, before the object of this worship was perceived to be none other than He who was worshipped from the beginning, the ancient God, "our dwelling-place in all generations." About the same time, too, when men began to confess their repugnance to theology, their contempt for a science so unprogressive and so quarrelsome, they began, on the other hand, to imagine the possibility of drawing a rule for human life from the new and vast views of the universe that were opening with the progress of science; but still they called theology their enemy, and did not perceive that to aim at such a new synthesis was to aim at reviving theology. Once more it is worth noticing how from the beginning of the period of denial the word Humanity has haunted men almost as much as the word Nature; and all this while they have pursued Christianity as an enemy upon whose destruction they were bent, refusing to see that the worship of humanity is as truly the revival of specific New Testament Christianity as the scientific view of the universe is the revival of the austere Jewish theism.

Many other examples might be adduced of the silent reappearance of ancient beliefs under a new name, if I had undertaken here to treat the subject fully.

In one word, instead of a steady tendency to leave behind the religious views and feelings of the past, a tendency checked by nothing but the tenacity of old associations, we may observe in the age an ever strengthening determination to retain as much of the religion of the past as can be retained without accepting the supernatural, or submitting to priestly authority.

But now among these revivals of old views under new names do we observe any reappearance of that which in the past was called more technically or in a narrow sense religion and religiousness? When we hear those most penetrated with what is called "the modern spirit" say that the only divinity left to man in these days is science, we recognise after a little consideration that a confusion of language has been committed precisely similar to that of the Hindoos when they use the word Brahma, which is said to mean prayer, to describe the Deity approached by prayer, and that science is not the Deity, but the way of approaching the Deity, viz., God in Nature, most devoutly recognised in these ages. When they speak of the necessity of bringing the results of science to bear upon society and upon the individual so as to regulate human life, it is easy enough to see the revival of theology. Christianity again is very thinly disguised under the name humanity. But among those possessed with the modern spirit what do we find answering to the religiousness of past times? That religiousness was not a mere rule of action. It was a play of feeling; it was described as a life, as a mode of consciousness which the religious man had to himself, and which partly absorbed and partly supplemented the life he had in common with others. It was attacked as a delusion, but if our view be correct, if the old beliefs are regaining their hold as far as they can do so without accepting the supernatural, we may expect to find so far as the revival has gone a new religiousness springing up, though we may expect at the same time that it will disguise itself under some new name. Is this then so? and what is the religiousness that belongs to natural religion?

What religiousness *might* be inspired by it I considered before, and I quoted Goethe and Wordsworth as examples of men in whom such religiousness might be observed. The question is now not of exceptional men, but of a path of religiousness worn smooth and distinct and trodden by numerous feet, of a type become sufficiently common to have received a name to itself. For

this we may expect to find if natural religion be the growing influence it is here represented.

The word "culture" has made its way among us from Germany mainly through the influence of that very Goethe who has just been referred to. It used to be a shibboleth of his disciples, but it has since rubbed off its exclusive associations, and at the same time taken a deeper root. We speak now of the culture, whether of a nation or an individual, as a kind of collective name for all that belongs to the higher life of either. When the word is used by historians it commonly includes religion. A chapter on the culture of the Greeks or Romans would discuss along with other matters their religious ideas. When we speak of the culture of an acquaintance we think among other things of his views about religion. But what precise relation culture and religion bear to each other is somewhat unsettled in most minds. The men who profess culture commonly speak of religion with a sort of pitying kindness as a thing good in substance but vulgar in form, a thing which they can sympathize with, but only when it is translated into another dialect. Moreover, culture is understood to be a much more comprehensive word than religion, and in fact to refer principally to matters that have nothing to do with religion. It suggests to us art and science sooner than such things as self-sacrifice and charity.

Now if we consider a moment we shall find that here still the old confusion haunts us. This again is a misapprehension which comes from the inveterate habit of identifying religion with ecclesiastical Christianity. How unless we made this mistake could we come to think of religion as having nothing to do with art and science? How could we avoid seeing that wherever a society has been strongly religious, its religion has been, I do not say connected with its science and its art, but incorporate with and almost inseparable from both? Science begins in religious cosmogonies; art begins in hymns sung to a deity and in the sculpture or painting that adorns his temple. At this day look at those classes of our people who live completely in the old atmosphere. Their science is drawn from the Book of Genesis; their art consists in favourite hymns. Nor is it just to say that at a riper stage art and science do and should assert their independence of religion; this is a mistaken interpretation of the historical fact that the organization of religion is liable to become immovably conservative, and to drive into rebellion or separation the artistic and scientific impulses which in the beginning were the breath of its own life. Art and science may indeed be often found completely independent of churches, but, as these papers have laboured to show, this is not because they have nothing to do with religion; on the contrary wherever they are found in appearance separate from religion, they form in reality rival or heretical religions.

Nor is it less erroneous to suppose that religion is necessarily connected with morality, than to consider it as unconnected with science and art. Those who tell us that religion is only "morality touched with emotion," mean probably to say that this is the kind of religion they approve, or, it may be, all they mean is that this appears to them the original and genuine character of Christianity. But if we are inquiring what religion is, and not merely what we think it ought to be, we shall see that its connection with morality is often very slight; nay, that it often appears as the great enemy of morality. How often is it found—this indeed was the discovery that made the *philosophes* of the eighteenth century so embittered against religion—that while morality is fostered by good laws and wholesome institutions, by religion, on the contrary, bad passions are nourished, atrocious actions justified, and ancient abuses consecrated! And in the cases where religion has worked on the whole for good, its good effects have not always been perceived in the department of morality. Why is

it that we think with pleasure and tenderness of the religion of ancient Greece? Not because we can trace to it much improvement in morality, except indeed in its primitive stages. In the phases of it best known to us, its moral influence was either slight or positively mischievous; but it was of priceless value to mankind as the mould in which the idea of art took form. Even where as in Christianity the two great impulses which move mankind, religion and morality, by a rare happiness coincide, it is still easy to perceive their distinctness. Christianity consecrates morality, yes! but gives it at the same time a new character. It arrives at the same results, but, as it were, by a different road. Social convenience, considerations of public order, prudential calculation, have a principal share in creating what is ordinarily called morality; the same morality in the hands of religion is animated anew, and extended without being altered. Religion, in fact, treats morality just as genius—I call it so to be understood; but it would be better to say religion again—treats art and science. Utility by itself, or almost by itself, might create a sort of art, painting of the Dutch kind, useful didactic poetry; it might in like manner create a sort of science, and discover those natural laws which affect most directly human convenience. But art, in the high sense, is the fruit of instinctive loving admiration of natural forms, and science in the main has been created not by those who wanted to invent some new convenience, but by those who were haunted by the sense of law, and the passion for truth. In like manner, if by morality we understand, as most of us do, merely the habits tending to the general well-being that are gradually formed under the influence of law and order, of such morality Christianity from the very beginning has always shown itself impatient. It has undergone much obloquy for doing so; it has often been reproached for its "to him that worketh *not*," for its "*pecca fortiter*," for its "cauld scraps of morality," and this is because Christianity is a religion, and religion even when it most favours morality remains distinct from it.

We come back then to the position we have maintained all along—that religion is concerned with the whole higher life of man, and that this higher life is sustained by admiration or worship, so that art and science are as much included in religion as morality is, and that indeed morality is only included in religion when it severs itself from the utilities and conveniences with which it is commonly connected, and bases itself on the love or worship of man. But if so, religion has just the same sphere as the modern "culture." The formula in which culture was summed up by Goethe, answers pretty exactly to that threefold division of religion on which we have insisted; Life in the Whole, in the Good, in the Beautiful. Here morality, under the name of life in the Good, stands between art, which is life in the Beautiful, and science, or the knowledge of the law of the universe, which is life in the Whole.

Thus if the friends of culture and those of religion do not very well agree together, it is none the less true that culture and religion deal with the same things, and have the same object. Both are concerned with the higher life of man, and with the whole of that higher life. Both have the same adversary, though religion calls it worldliness, and culture calls it philistinism, in that predominance of the lower life, which is fed by "bread alone," and the object of which is livelihood, or respectability, or comfort. If they quarrel among themselves, if culture is apt to think religion narrow or superstitious, and religion on the other hand charges culture with epicureanism or want of seriousness, this is because both have the associations of their history sticking to them; because religion, when it appears in the concrete, is Christian and ecclesiastical, that is, predominantly moral in its spirit, and somewhat archaic in form, while culture sprang up among literary men in recent times,

and is therefore spick-and-span in its equipment of phrases, and treats morality somewhat lightly compared with science and art. Such differences are merely historical, and the friction of time wears them away. The spirit of religion grows larger and recollects its original affinity with beauty and scientific truth; the spirit of culture grows every day more moral since the time when its great master Goethe betrayed the weakness of his original conception in the helpless want of sympathy with which he regarded the first political struggles of reviving Germany.

Culture then, when it is purified, will answer fully to the old religiousness such as that would naturally grow to be in the new time. The new name is the best that could be chosen by those to whom the true name, religion, was forbidden by circumstances. The higher life of the human spirit, as we have so often said, consists in its religion, in the habitual admirations and devotions which keep it noble and sweet, but this higher life, like every form of life down to that of the vegetable, requires to be fostered according to a definite system. This system is culture: when, therefore, those who wish to speak of the higher life, and are afraid to call it religion, fall back upon the word culture, they use the same makeshift as when to avoid speaking of God revealed in the universe, men speak of science; that is, they put for the thing itself some process closely connected with the thing.

Nevertheless there comes practical mischief from putting a word which denotes an artificial process in place of one which marks a living spirit. The word religion makes us think of feelings, emotions, convictions, or the acts that flow immediately out of them; but the word culture makes us think rather of the machinery of training, of art-schools, academies, universities. All this machinery is of no use unless the living thing is there which it is intended to cultivate; and yet when the attention is so constantly called to the machinery this is apt to be forgotten. The cry is, "Set up more universities; pay people better for research;" if the love of truth appears to be less strong among us than it ought to be. Or when the flatness and ugliness of English life is dwelt on, the believer in culture is apt to treat the evil as one which could be easily remedied by establishing schools of art in the manufacturing districts. And it may be true that art schools should be established and that research should be encouraged, but it is also true that if the religion of beauty and the religion of truth were dead among us all such machinery would avail little. The teaching of art in that case would end only in lifeless mechanical imitation, and research, however encouraged, would lead only to new cobwebs of a barren scholasticism.

In a Protestant country like this the danger affects art much more than science. The religion of truth and reality is not weak among us, and better machinery perhaps is here the main thing. But the religion of beauty is surely at the lowest ebb at the very time when art is more recognised and has a higher place given to it than ever before. This age will be remembered for having, as it were, established art among us, for having asserted its dignity as a pursuit by the side of politics, for new relations established between the different kinds of art, painters rising into poetry and setting the fashion in literary taste, great authors employing their eloquence to celebrate paintings and painters, novelists and dramatists depicting with a new interest the character, life and struggles of the artist. But the age will scarcely be remembered for any increase in the general fund of feeling and imagination in which art finds its materials; scarcely as an age in which English life has grown more poetical, more picturesque, or more harmonious. And yet the public interest is not that a large number of creditable poems, pictures, &c., should be produced—this is a very secondary matter—but that the largest possible number should take those elevated views of life and

have that keen enjoyment of nature which are ends in themselves, and which may at the same time encourage the artist, admonish him to aim high and insure his success. In other words it is not so much culture as religion that is wanted, not so much that the artist should be taken out of the community and trained, as that the perceptions and sensibilities of the community itself should be quickened. And here culture, so far from being equivalent to religion, becomes too frequently antagonistic to it. The differentiation of the artist class may prove unfavourable to the spirit of art. It may make art a thing of schools and cliques, the affair of a profession now become rich enough to judge itself and applaud itself, and tyrannising over a public of whose suffrages it has become independent. Just so in the Christian Church in its first inspired and victorious moment, the maxim was that every Christian was a priest; it was not till somewhat later that a sacerdotal order was differentiated. The differentiation was probably necessary, but who does not see the danger of this increase of machinery? Who does not see now that the only hope for the Christian religion lies in moderating this professional influence? Clericalism is well-nigh fatal to Christianity. Precisely the same law holds in the lower religion of art. Goethe asks himself, What drives poetry out of the world? And he answers, The poets!

Such then, it seems to me, looked at in outline is religion in its modern aspect. It is not forward to assume the name of religion, because of the ecclesiastical associations that have gathered round that name, but for the most part prefers the somewhat less appropriate name of culture. It is a natural religion, rejecting for the present everything called miraculous as inconsistent with the notion it has formed of the Laws of Nature, and it has suffered so much from the abuse of priestly power in former days that it dislikes and avoids, certainly more than is reasonable, everything that reminds it of church organisation. On the other hand it is larger and richer than the religion of past times. It is richer by the *Renaissance* in art and by science. From the buried ruins of the Pagan world it has dug up a precious treasure, the worth of which early Christianity had not been able to perceive, and under the influence of science, while it has revived the Hebrew awe of God and conviction of the mistake of imagining Him under the form of man, it has at the same time acquired an immense and perpetually increasing knowledge of the laws through which He manifests Himself in the universe.

When one religion is set up against another controversies begin and embarrassments. But when the principle of all religion is compared with the opposite principle, when the life inspired by admiration and devotion is compared with the life that begins and ends in mere acquisition, then there is no controversy at all among those whose opinions are valuable. Looked at so, religion is seen to be entirely beyond dispute and to be only another name for the higher life, the life of the soul. Again when on the scene of history religion appears in some partial, one-sided form, it is easy to find fault with its workings, and, as it is a principle of enormous vigour, it has been in such cases the instigator of more tremendous deeds and the cause of more wide-working ruin than any other principle. It has been easy for philosophers preaching on the text *tantum religio potuit*, &c., to make out religion itself a mischievous principle and that it ought to be a main object to moderate, if we cannot hope to kill, this unfortunate propensity in human nature. And yet almost everything else that is highest in man might be looked at in the same way. In the individual, for instance, what a dangerous, mischievous thing is genius or originality! What sleepless nights does it cause, what weariness of spirit! How it disconcerts society, interrupts the tranquil course of its vegetation perplexes the methodical logomachy of parties! Or philanthropy again! What hindrances to trade has

this restless principle caused, now putting down slavery, now passing factory laws; and what flagrant mistakes has it made at times! And then there is the spirit of liberty. Why, it may safely be said that if only this spirit did not exist the art of government would be a comparatively simple matter, whereas it is an almost impossible problem to govern tolerably nations in which it has been allowed to become strong. Of all these intractable forces the greatest by far is religion. If only it could be destroyed! In that case we might picture the human family entering upon that happiness which has no history, beginning a career chequered by nothing that could be called incident, and varied only by the gradations of progress, a career the annals of which would consist only of the ever improving statistics of production and enjoyment; in short, "feeding like horses when you *hear* them feed!" But indeed such a consummation would be only a kind of euthanasia of human nature. It is precisely these impulses and emotions that are so hard to control which give dignity and worth to life. It is for their sakes that we produce and consume. And so it is a more hopeful course to consider whether those sinister workings of the higher life may not be as happily prevented by giving it a full and harmonious development as by vainly trying to extinguish it.

Such harmony, I think, is to be found, and is gradually being found, by the religion or culture of the age in the coalition of three forms of religion, which in past history have generally regarded each other as enemies. A form of religion which, when it appears by itself, does mischief, works ill, and so is justly attacked as false, may, when it finds its right place and proper subordination, turn out to be true and fruitful of good. Paganism was very justly attacked by the Christians as a false religion, but its falseness did not consist in the honour it paid to sensuous beauty, but in its paying honour to nothing higher (as well as to many things lower), and the very same worship of visible things, when it is revived in proper moderation by modern culture, may be not merely harmless, but most right and valuable, most indispensable to the harmony of religion. The same may be said of ecclesiastical Christianity, and of that new religion of modern science, viz., that each by itself may be attacked as false, but that each, taken in conjunction with the other, is true and indispensable.

These three forms of religion have a sort of correspondence to the three stages of human life. Paganism may be called the childhood of the higher life, and so when continued too long, and not duly subordinated, it is the childishness and frivolity of it. Christianity (in the narrow sense) is its youth, its phase of enthusiasm and unbounded faith both in man and the universe; this, too, if it stands too much alone, becomes degraded into sentimentalism. Science is the later phase, when reality is firmly faced, when the sombre greatness of the law under which we live, and at the same time the limitations it imposes on us, and the patience it requires from us, are manfully confessed; but this also taken alone is no more than the cynical old age of the higher life. For it is essential to its complete manhood not only to have acquired what comes latest, but also to retain and not to lose what came earlier. Humanity must constantly renew its childhood and its youth as well as advance in experience. At the same time that it observes and reasons with scientific rigour, it must learn to hope with Christian enthusiasm, and also to enjoy with Pagan freshness.

How different does Paganism look when we contemplate it in the age of Pericles, or that of Scipio, when it began to be quietly left behind, and, again, in the days of the final triumph of Christianity when it was aggressively destroyed. In the one case we see with contempt its childish absurdity; in the other we mark with some regret its freshness and brightness. In the great Athenian age a few artists still with studied conservatism cling to it; and we may indeed

observe that when this is no longer possible the great imaginative poets come no more; but to the majority of intelligent men it has become a mass of absurdity no more credible than Brahminism to the young Bengal of today. With still more decisive contempt do the strong prosaic intellects of Rome put aside and utterly forget their old Italian religion. All this seems to us, when we read of it, neither to be avoided nor to be regretted; what was absurd could not but appear to be so sooner or later. But when, after many centuries, the Revolution has gone much further; when the Church has rooted out of the minds of the common people what then only dropped quietly out of the belief of philosophers; when the temples of the gods are thrown down and their names held abominable; when a completely new page of history begins, and all such ways of thinking are decisively left behind, some sort of revulsion takes place in our feelings. The new world appears too monastic, too much tormented with conscience, not spontaneous or natural enough. We delight to see the old Pagan fire break out sometimes in Caedmon, and are inclined to wish it had free way, and that there were no Christianity near to smother it. How much we prize what glimpses we can get of those old beliefs; how much it disappoints us when the writings of those times are silent about them, and give us instead only Christianity and monotonous lives of saints! In some cases we are disposed to complain even that the native genius of a nation has been killed by the foreign faith when we find a literature, after perhaps a promising commencement, paralysed for long ages by ecclesiastical influence. Then it is that we see the other side of Paganism, and what before appeared childish we are now disposed rather to describe as childlike. We are struck now by the free zest and relish of the world that went to the making of those frivolous creeds; here and there perhaps we see in them the rudiments of a true philosophy. We are angry that this vigorous play of mind should be brought to an end, and that not by a truer philosophy of nature, but by a timid morality which looks only within, and is afraid to philosophise on nature at all. In fact, we have just the same feelings as when in an individual we see childhood come to an end, and the merry, boisterous boy turned into the awkward, perhaps self-conscious and sickly youth.

Hence the reaction which steadily and more or less secretly has for so many centuries gone on under the name of *Renaissance.* It is analogous to the growth in cheerfulness and healthy worldliness which comes to the youth as he grows accustomed to manhood. The hobbledehoyhood of humanity was long and trying. Its Pagan childhood was artificially prolonged till it was more like dotage than childhood, and when the new feelings of self-sacrifice, duty, enthusiasm came, instead of quietly controlling and modifying the old, they began a violent war against them. One extreme was substituted for another—for the Pagan view of life, not properly the Christian, but the monastic. The renunciation of selfishness was violent in proportion to the intensity with which it had been indulged; the world was hated as much as it had been loved; the extremes of self-devotion were explored with the eagerness natural to a first discovery. These excesses are outlived in time, and youth ripens into manhood by recovering something of the child. And thus the *Renaissance* is not merely the revival of ancient arts, the adoption of ancient models, it is the revival in proper degree and subordination of the ancient religion. It is the restoration of the worship of the forms of nature. This worship returns, purified, of course, from all mixture of delusion, purified from superstition, and, what is still more important, subordinated duly to other worships infinitely higher and more solemn, but none the less a worship, an admiration which may become unbounded in degree and rise to ecstasy, and which is essential to the healthy vigour of the higher life.

But manhood differs from youth, not merely in having recovered something which youth had parted with, but also in having gained something unknown both to youth and childhood. Beyond the forms of nature and the ideal of moral goodness there remains another discovery to be made, the recognition of a Law in the universe stronger than ourselves and different from ourselves, and refusing to us not only the indulgence of our desires but also, as we learn slowly and with painful astonishment, the complete realization of our ideals. It is not in the time when we are forming those ideals that it is possible for us to recognise the limitation imposed by Nature upon the fulfilment of them, and yet until we can make the recognition we shall be liable to constant mistake and disappointment. The special superiority of manhood to youth lies in this recognition, in the sense of reality and limitation. Youth is fantastic and utopian compared to manhood, as it is melancholy compared both to manhood and childhood. Here again the parallel holds between Christianity (in the narrow sense) and youth. Nothing can be more mistaken than the comparison made by some of those who have regretted Paganism (Schiller, for instance, in *The Gods of Greece*), between the melancholy of Christianity and the melancholy which is the mark of old age. Most evidently all that has been morbid in Christian views of the world has resembled the sickliness of early youth rather than the decay of age. Old age is subject to cynical melancholy, early youth to fantastic melancholy, and assuredly it is the latter rather than the former that has shown itself in Christianity. All the faults that have ever been reasonably charged against the practical working of Christianity (apart from those arising from faulty organization) are the faults which in the individual we recognise as the faults of youth, a melancholy view of life, in morals a disposition to think rather of purity than of justice, but principally a *Schicksalslosigkeit*, an intolerance of all limitation either in hope or belief. "All things are possible to him that believeth," is a glorious formula of philanthropic heroism; the mistake of the Church, as the mistake of young men, is to treat it as literally and prosaically true.

The opposite maxim has to be learned in time, that some things are impossible, and to master this is to enter upon the manhood of the higher life. But it ought not to be mastered as a mere depressing negation, but rather as a new religion. The law that is independent of us and that conditions all our actions is not to be reluctantly acknowledged, but studied with absorbing delight and awe. At the moment when our own self-consciousness is liveliest, when our own beliefs, hopes and purposes are most precious to us, we are to acknowledge that the universe is greater than ourselves, and that our wills are weak compared with the law that governs it, and our purposes futile except so far as they are in agreement with that law.

This assuredly is the transition which the world is now making. It is throwing off at once the melancholy and the unmeasured imaginations of youth; it is recovering, as manhood does, something of the glee of childhood and adding to that a new sense of reality. Its return to childhood is called *Renaissance*, its acquisition of the sense of reality is called Science. We may be glad of both; science will save us from those heroic mistakes of which the Catholic centuries were so fruitful, from unworldliness ending on the one hand in squalor and pestilence, on the other in greedy mendicancy, from pity creating pauperism, and chastity by reaction promoting vice. *Renaissance* will redeem the lower levels of life from the bald barrenness of money-getting, and give Humanity the *fond gaillard* that may carry her through the trials in store for her. We may take sides firmly with the modern world against the Syllabus, against all unfortunate attempts to preserve a justly-cherished ideal by denying and repudiating reality, to protect against all subsequent modification the first sublime exaggerations of

the newborn spirit of self-sacrifice, to banish criticism because it is cold, and philosophy because it is calm, and to try and give the feelings of youth the one thing precisely which is most foreign to them—infallibility and unchanging permanence.

Nevertheless, the analogy that we have been pursuing will suggest to us that the victory of the modern spirit would be fatal if pressed too far, as indeed it is essentially a melancholy triumph, and that the youth of humanity, crushed out too ruthlessly, would have a *Renaissance* still more irresistible than its childhood. The sense of reality gives new force when it comes in to correct the vagueness of our ideals; this is manhood; but when it takes the place or destroys the charm of them, this is the feebleness of old age. Healthy manhood must continue to savour of its youth as of its infancy, to be enthusiastic and tender as well as to be buoyant. It must continue to hope much and believe much; we praise caution and coolness in a youth, but a few stages on these qualities cease to seem admirable, and the man begins to be praised for the opposite qualities, for ardour, for enthusiasm, in short for being still capable of that of which youth is only too capable. But in the individual we regard this persistent vitality as only possible for a time. Old age sets in at last, when, if enthusiasm still survive, it is not so much a merit as a kind of prodigy. Is Humanity to verify the analogy in this respect also? When we have learnt to recognise the limitations imposed on us, that we cannot have everything as our enthusiasm would make it, and that if our ideals are to be realised in any considerable measure it must be by taking honest account of the conditions of possibility; when we have gone so far, are we to advance another step and confess that the conditions of possibility are so rigorous that most of our ideals must be given up, and that in fact humanity has little to hope or to wish for? It need not be so if, as was said above, the service of Necessity may become freedom instead of bondage, if the Power above us which so often checks our impatience and pours contempt on our enthusiasms can be conceived as not necessarily giving less than we hope for because it does not give precisely *what* we hope for, but perhaps even as giving infinitely more. On this hypothesis humanity may preserve the vigour of its manhood. Otherwise, if reality, when we acquire the power of distinguishing it, turns out not merely different from what we expect but much below what we expect; if this universe, so vast and glorious in itself, proves in relation to the satisfaction of our desires narrow and ill-furnished, if it disappoints not only our particular wishes but the very faculty of wishing by furnishing no sufficient food, then humanity also has its necessary old age. And if its old age, then surely that which lies beyond old age. We must not merely give up the immortality of the individual soul —which some have persuaded themselves they can afford to give up—but we must learn to think of humanity itself as mortal.

To be continued.

THE RISE OF NATURALISM IN ENGLISH ART.

II.

THOSE many landscapes which in the last years of Gainsborough's life had lined the hall and corridors of Schomberg House—landscapes which the great master of Naturalism had painted for pure love, when there was no public to buy—were not without an influence, practical and well nigh immediate, upon the course of English Art. Sir Joshua, with an eye to those neglected pictures, had spoken of Gainsborough at an Academy dinner as the greatest landscape painter of his time, and the younger artists heard of that, and heeded it. In the aspect of his simple country, studded here and there with figures of peasant and wayfarer, Gainsborough had discovered a mine which others would more profitably work. He had set an example, and others would follow it, though the result of their following would vary with their individual gifts. Two men who worked in part during his later life, and in chief after its close, I connect especially with Gainsborough. The art of each had a new element, but the art of both was the child of Gainsborough. One of these men was George Morland; the other Francis Wheatley. They took his mantle and parted it between them.

As a painter of rustic subjects Morland was more homely and Wheatley more romantic than the master. A word or two, later on, for the feebler but still not quite unworthy disciple: the larger place for the homely art of Morland.

George Morland painted the country, and lived in London pothouses. One has heard of him as an untrained painter, because he attended no Academical gatherings. But he was the son of an artist—Henry Morland—a conscientious artist of that time, and from him, and from earliest boyhood, he received a tuition unceasing and regular. He was born in 1764. The father was a man who believed in work: George Morland believed in play. And with the years of independence he took his revenge upon that strict rule. He had his period of merriment and wantonness and idleness. Afterwards, he tired of it, and returned to his work: lodging for a while with a steadier worker—William Ward, the mezzotint engraver. In the same house lived Ward's sister, whom young Morland liked, and in a while love came to be between them. They married quickly, and he loved her much, but his pleasures more. She was not estranged, but he quarrelled with his brother-in-law, and went away to the "far country," and having eaten all the fruit there, and repented of it, came home, and then went back with a reaction from repentance, to eat the husks. Debt, weariness, broken health closed in upon him. He had experience of a debtor's prison, and drew a pitiful and instructive picture of two benevolent visitors coming with full purse and tender eyes, to relieve a half-naked sufferer in like distress. He dedicated the print to what I suppose was the newly-established Society for the indiscriminate relief of persons imprisoned for small debts. It was in 1799 that he was himself arrested. Soon afterwards he "obtained the rules" and took a house at Lambeth, whither the more profligate of his companions in suffering came to share his merriment. He was finally released in 1802—was still a popular painter—and having never ceased either to spend or to work, died suddenly on the 29th of October, 1804. His wife was not then with him; but hearing the news with a shock of surprise, the faithful woman died also, and on a closely following day of

the dark London November, the two were buried in the same grave—as pitiful a story as one has to tell.

The earlier work of Morland bears no sign of that influence of Gainsborough which we trace in the later. It was none the more spontaneous on that account: only when something of Gainsborough's spirit was in it did it become —paradoxical as that may sound—individual, spontaneous and free. For it was Gainsborough, I think, who opened Morland's eyes to the treasure of subject that was in country life; and when he saw the treasure, it was with his own eyes, and unconstrained. But in his earlier work he followed a beaten way, and laboured—often, I admit, with a conscientiousness lacking to the later—at those sets of subjects, romantic, moral, domestic, sentimental, which pleased the fashion of the time. In Art for its own sake—or in Art as an indirect teacher—that day but faintly believed. It believed in the efficacy of the obvious moral, though it had exchanged the terse teaching of Hogarth for the amplitude and the sentiment of *Pamela*. And so, in 1789, Morland is painting the sentimentality of "Louisa" —see the tale of *Louisa*, by the late Miss Bowdler of Bath—and the picture is multiplied by reproduction in stipple, and the text is written beneath, and read with sympathy by the homely middle class folk of that time, who gazed or bought at the print-shops round Covent Garden :—

> "While thus with agonising Sighs
> They viewed the fatal place,
> Louisa's mild yet steadfast Eyes,
> Were fixed on Henry's face."

And he painted the fate of "Letitia" and the sorrow of her friends—a more pliable Clarissa, yielding not quite unwillingly to Lovelace. And he painted "The Fruits of Early Industry and Economy" —knowing them so well by experience —a middle-aged papa sitting in his easeful parlour, sitting pleasantly full with the middle day meal of that time, and but now sipping his glass of port—the black page, from the Indies, bringing fruits—while his clerk lays before him piles of guineas in payment for his merchandise, and outside the window—with all that naive simple insistance upon Symbol and Moral which that generation, like the generation of Hogarth, could receive—there is the view of river-side warehouse, and of crane and cask and bustling industry.

Well, it is this studio work, one might say, that should be his best; and yet he is remembered not by this—not by this even was most popular in his own generation. He was the painter of all English rural life on its homeliest, commonest side—bearing memories of it, strangely rich and keen and sympathetic, into the London streets, and across the foul nights of tavern and sponging house. An animal painter, in the strict sense, he certainly was not. The importance of animals in his work has been habitually exaggerated. It was something of course that he could paint the horses, the dogs, the sheep, the pigs, for the squires who lived amongst them; but where these are the main elements of his pictures, his pictures are quite wanting in charm, and they are wanting also in the severer power by which alone pure animal painting can be accounted great. There is in them none of the strong reality which the great animal painters give; both the science of ancient work and the sentiment of some very modern are lacking to these. At their best, his animals are but parts of a whole: the shepherd's dogs, rise watchful and alert to the call of the shepherd. They are true in movement, suggestive in character, but hardly individual in expression or great in anatomy.

Leading the life he led, it was hardly to be expected that coarseness should repel him; and taking into account not only that life, but the feeling of his time toward human and animal pain, it is something surely that brutality did not attract him. There is one of his pictures—one only that I call to mind—which reveals by negative qualities (sins of omission rather than commission) a certain insensibility to suffering, characteristic less perhaps of the man

than of the time. It is called *Stable Amusements* — stablemen are setting dogs to fight. And the fighting dogs are repulsive enough, but that which is really more horrible—and more hatefully characteristic of the lower side of English life and temperament—is the mild and harmless and unmoved faces of the men. They look on with the placid happiness with which you may watch children at their play. There is a great modern painter, M. Gérôme, whose work so often and so faithfully depicts cruelty, that it has been remarked in a two-edged sentence, which bears praise as well as blame, that there is now some use in all the cruelty in the world; it exists that M. Gérôme may be able to paint it. But in the cruelest of M. Gérôme's pictures—and they are very cruel indeed—he has painted in the bystanders or the setters on either a hard and stoical indifference or an entirely fiendish delight, and both are absolutely removed from the placid and gentle unconsciousness with which humanity, in Morland's picture, regards the sufferings of the brutes. Gérôme so tells his story that the cruelty "leaps to the eyes;" all the marks of its degradation are on the faces he depicts. But Morland never dreams of any deteriorating influence; and the gentle witnesses of his horrible dog-fight go home — "a happy peasantry: their country's pride" — to the peace of a cottage and the embraces of a child.

But these are the exceptions, and the best way to judge of Morland's work and mind is not to see one picture here and there, whatever that may be, but to pass quickly in review some large collection of the engravings in mezzotint. His large loose touch, his reliance on broad effects, the absence of close definition in his work, made that work peculiarly fitted for reproduction in mezzotint, and of the great engravers of his day, two at least—his friend John Raphael Smith and his brother-in-law William Ward—were largely occupied with transcripts from his pictures. Few things were more sought after at that time; few more neglected during the next half century; and now again there is care and interest shown for the prints which catch with a rare and exquisite fidelity his view of rural England, as he remembered, in London taverns, his truant country-days.

And indeed it is by the sight only of some such *suite* of his work that you can feel that, with whatever roughness here, or slightness there, he did seize upon, and delight in, and in the main understand, the rural life of England. Lacking the eclectic grace, the pure idyllic touch, of Gainsborough, Morland went further into common life, and distinguished and discriminated, and presented what he saw, what he cared for, what he remembered, with a variety in unity which he was the first to achieve. An uncompleted picture—*The Roadside Inn*—is among the finest examples of variety and richness of subject and unity of effect. As a landscape painter, as a painter of figures in landscape, Morland stood here upon the very edge of greatness. Great at last he is, and no longer on the edge of greatness, in at least one picture of a humble interior—in the *Postboy's Return*, exhibited at Burlington House in 1875. It is the evening, and in summer, and the postboy has come back to man and youth in the middle of their stable work. The attitude of the figure but just dismounted, the listening group of man and youngster for whom there is news to tell; the horses, the insignificant animals, the lesser population of stable yard and barton—these are all presented with a quite unwonted completeness, an ordered carefulness in place of the rough force. And through the wide door, widely open, there is a glimpse of pleasantness outside: the placid light of a still evening pauses on a bit of the low roof of farm-yard outbuilding, and touches to gold the greenery that straggles there. You have Morland here at his surest and firmest. He saw that — liked it — painted it with carefulness from end to end. To high dramatic expression Morland did not seek to attain; to subtle and fine feeing he hardly pretended; but

unconcerned with the modern landscapist's philosophy, or any wider vision than that which lay before his own peasant as he trudged home from his work, or his own fisherman as he mended the nets on the beach, or his own shepherd as he paused at mid-day to take from his wallet his meal, while the good dogs barked around him—unconcerned with any wider vision than that of these, Morland did slowly build up for us a picture of the rougher England of that day. Sir Joshua's backgrounds were the glades of parks, and he knew no poetry in common things; while Morland, with work quite as indefinite, sought expression in knotted trees, in gnarled trees, tortured trees. It was the common things that interested him. Here and again he was very faithful to them, as Gainsborough in his best time had never cared to be. But he rose too to some fitful recognition of beauty which he seldom presented (see *Fishermen going out:* the mezzotint by S. W. Reynolds); rose too, much oftener, to the fitful recognition of power in Nature: see the mezzotint by John Young, *The Travellers:* a bundle-burdened man, a thickly-cloaked, low-bonneted woman, going through a waste and upland country, the way of the wind and the wind-blown tree. This England that he painted was a large, wide, neglected country of seemingly severer weather than our own—of danger by highwaymen as well as by storm—and something of the sentiment of Morland's work is in his appreciation of homely comfort: the quiet cottage or the farm with its cheerful light, reached at the day's end. He depicted, but never with a touch of Turner's bitter consciousness, the struggle with common tasks. Common tasks had no misery for him. Quite as unconsciously, in his art, he depicted at times that which one knows in his life, and traces in his face—a face of regular features, observant, pleasure-loving, and irritable too—a kind of lesser Goethe, quite as self-centred, but with a less divine intelligence, as he sits at a garden table with discarded palette, but cherished beer jug and pipe. And what one knows in his life, and traces in his face—and what all unconsciously he depicts now and again in his art—is that spirit of rebellion which Mr. Browning has analysed in *Fifine at the Fair*. We remember the pennon on the gipsy's tent:—

> "the pennon from its dome,
> Frenetic to be free, makes one red stretch
> for home.
>
> . . . . .
>
> Frenetic to be free! And do you know,
> there beats
> Something within my breast as sensitive?
> —repeats
> The fever of the flag? My heart makes
> just the same
> Passionate stretch, fires up for lawlessness,
> lays claim
> To share the life they lead: losels who have
> and use
> The hour what way they will."

He asked the boon, and he obtained it; and that spirit of revolt, known in Morland's life, traced in his face, was not quite without influence on the sentiment of his art. He painted with a "curious *bonhomie*" the rural life where it is most Bohemian; the Bohemian where it is most rural.

III.

We know little in accurate detail of the life of Francis Wheatley; and from the very scarcity of information, as well as from the nature of his work, we can but construct a theory as to its uneventfulness. No great triumph: no bitter failure. He was a busy artist, who worked carefully, and as carefully at the end as at the beginning: precise, accurate, detailed, in his last years, as Gainsborough had been only in his first. Here and there, even now in days when his more ambitious landscapes are not much esteemed, you shall come upon one of those works in oil the like of which presumably obtained for him the Academical honours to which no water-colour painter could aspire; but it is his water-colour drawings—and amongst

these not the larger landscapes, but the more delicate studies of rustic figures on hill-side, or in woodland, or at cottage door—which preserve his fame, and will preserve it as long as those sweet faint colours may last.

He was born in London, and learnt, with many another painter of that time, at Shipley's drawing-class. He aided Mortimer, a Royal Academician of a grander school, in painting a ceiling at Lord Melbourne's, Brocket Hall; and before that the Vauxhall decorations had engaged him. For Boydell's Shakespeare—the most enterprising work of the most enterprising printseller of his day—he had made several illustrations; and becoming an Associate of the Academy in 1790, he was elected full Academician in the following year. And, after a domestic life, none of the quietest and happiest, he died in 1802, aged fifty-five.

Coming upon isolated works of his, or looking over any group of them, one is struck at once with their prettiness, and with their sentimentality. They are best on their smaller or smallest scale, for on a large scale their prettiness becomes mere weakness, and the work, though careful and laborious, appears empty and poor. Nor on the small scale is there no sign of sentimentality; but I think that Wheatley idealized frankly, and sought very often to give you not so much the real peasant at the common task, as the common task elevated; and the peasant turned, through his refining hand, into what he thought a fit subject for art. Had he learned from the Dutch and Flemish art of the seventeenth century, or from at least one master of the French art of his own—Jean-Baptiste Chardin—he would have seen that the plainest and most unvarnished treatment, provided it were only honest and sensitive, secured for scenes of humble or bourgeois life a place in art. But he did not take that view of it, and his own exaggeration of Gainsborough's manner of bestowing on the peasant life a grace not of its own, was like the first step backwards to the place from which Gainsborough by his very choice of peasant life had delivered Art—the place where Naturalism is nothing and Idealism all.

But because Wheatley, with whatever wavering allegiance to actual and common fact, did nevertheless paint the peasantry of England, and not of a Golden Age, and the landscape of England, and not of Arcadia, he is to be reckoned a Naturalist, and Gainsborough's son. And wearied as you may be with his laboured and petty presentments of farm and garden and dairy, or sickened with the feebleness of his purely decorative, impersonal, formal and precise, yet generalised—that is, unindividual—treatment of wider landscape, where the group of gipsies winds up the hill-side, or the wind-beaten traveller descends a mountain path in an operatic storm—which the violins should accompany—you shall yet acknowledge, when you come upon his better work, that there is, in English pastoral and sylvan landscape, a beauty which no one has seized with a lighter or more sensitive hand than he. His eye was keen, and his hand delicate; for beauty of form, and of quiet colour, and of sunlit air. Knowing nothing of the power of Nature, he could yet convey in his best moments something of her peace—the charm of the lightly-shadowed way through the wood, where the road, deep-rutted, wandered straggling and broad between wayside flowers and under the drooping ash; and in his best drawings—such as *Returning from Market*—he could give you all that charm, with simplicity, reticence, a delicate reserve of means. The human nature that he cared for, had only the same charm. Ophelias and Mirandas of a beatified peasantry—timid and graceful things of gentle outline and of dainty hue — beyond these he could not rise. Yet his appreciation of these in his fine moments was genuine and individual. And if in the silvery landscape which he drew the best, his delight was less in its sentiment than in its decorative and at once visible beauty, he did not differ in kind, but only in degree, from his stronger

contemporary, Morland, and his great master, Gainsborough.

We see the work of these men with our own eyes; not with theirs; and part of our love of it, and of the open country's simple charm, which none have given so well as they, is due to a stimulus which their generation could not share—the knowledge that much of what they painted is a now vanishing or vanished thing. For us, this large loose English country that they painted, has the half pathetic interest of something that is already too much in the past. For them it was beautiful chiefly as colour and line. Such association as it had for them was that of a quite simple personal delight, at any time easy of renewal.

And if the landscape itself was in this way not as significant to them as it has grown to us, the figures with which they peopled it counted for still less. Any connection other than a purely formal or superficial one, between the landscape and the human figures that varied or vivified it was as then undreamt of. The landscape of memory, the landscape of passion, had not risen in the England of that day. Only later was our art to be charged with some new pregnancy—the landscape of form to yield some place to the landscape of expression.

FREDERICK WEDMORE.

TO A YOUNG LADY ON THE APPROACH OF THE SEASON.

I.

At ten o'clock your maid awakes you;
  You breakfast when she's done your hair;
At twelve the groom arrives and takes you
  In Rotten Row to breathe the air.
From twelve to one you ride with vigour;
  Your horse how gracefully you sit;
Your habit, too, shows off your figure,
  As all your cavaliers admit.
One other habit I could mention—
  I hope your feelings won't be hurt,
But you receive so much attention,
  I sometimes fancy you're a flirt.
Of course you're not annoyed, I merely would indite
Your life as you lead it by day and night.

II.

At two you've lunch; at three it's over,
  And visitors in shoals arrive;
Admirers many, perhaps a lover—
  Your next event is tea at five.
At six o'clock you go out driving
  From Grosvenor to Albert Gate,
To occupy yourself contriving
  Till dinner time comes round at eight.
Each hour as now the night advances
  Some fresh attraction with it brings;
A concert followed by some dances—
  The opera, if Patti sings.

III.

At twelve you waltz; at one you've leisure
  To try some chicken and champagne;
At two you do yourself the pleasure
  Of starting off to waltz again.
At three your partners hate each other—
  You scarcely know which loves you best;
Emotion you have none to smother,
  But lightly with them all you jest.
At four your chaperon gives warning
  That it is really time to go;
You wish good night, and say next morning
  At twelve you'll meet them in the Row.

IV.

My darling, you're so very pretty,
  I've often thought, upon my life,
That it would be a downright pity
  To look upon you as a wife.
I don't think your ideas of marriage
  With those of many would accord,
The opera, horses, and a carriage,
  Are things so few men can afford.
And then you need so much devotion—
  To furnish it who would not try?
But each would find it, I've a notion,
  Too much for one man to supply.
Of course you're not annoyed, I merely would indite
Your life as you lead it by day and night.

H. SUTHERLAND EDWARDS.

THE STAGE IN FRANCE.

The French have always been good comedians both on and off the stage. Whether this is due to nature or education it is perhaps impossible to say. The Italians alone would appear to have excelled them, especially outside the theatre. The art of declamation indeed is native to Italy, and from them has spread to the whole of the western world, where it has for long worked its pernicious way, substituting words for ideas, and replacing thought by sound. What France alone has thus suffered is enormous; the evil has existed for centuries, and there is no prospect of its extinction. But to confine ourselves to the theatre and to modern times, it may be said that our own generation can recollect the time when actors modulated their voices, delivered their words in cadence, cut the lines into two portions with a pause between—followed in fact the known and established rules to which the *habitués* of the Théâtre Français were devoted, and from which they would permit of no departure. In fact so vigorous were these laws, that it required a political revolution, barricades, and a change of dynasty to destroy them. Till then the traditions of Talma were supreme. What Talma did and said the actor must still do and say, in the same exact manner, and with the selfsame intonation, expression, attitude, and gesture. How this must have increased the difficulty of acting it is unnecessary to point out.

I myself never saw Talma, but I have frequently heard him described by men of taste who knew him in his greatest parts. No one ever had more majesty, more dignity, a purer diction, or a voice at once more even, more sonorous, more manly, and at the same time more full of emotion. He might be pardoned for rising above nature, because in so doing he always remained natural; and in a time much given to display, he maintained a severe sobriety of demeanour, and was always in perfect keeping with the character he was representing. Following the attempts of Le Kain, Talma was the first to introduce historical truth in costume; and if he did not attain perfect accuracy, this was rather the fault of the archæological knowledge of his time than his own. In this respect, indeed, he was the precursor of the romantic school, from which in other things his style so completely divided him. He threw new life into the classical plays of Corneille and Racine, infused for the moment a dramatic genius into Voltaire; and for a time the age of Louis Quatorze threatened to revive under his hands in the second-rate tragedies of M. J. Chénier, Lafosse, Jouy, Arnault, and Soumet. He even attempted some of Shakespeare's characters in the mutilated and inaccurate version of Ducis.

The tragic sceptre at the Théâtre Français was at that time disputed by two actresses—the one bad-looking but susceptible, the other beautiful and cold. The victory, however, was not long doubtful: it rested with the former, and Mdlle. Duchesnois became mistress of the great classical parts, while Mdlle. Georges was banished to a minor theatre, there to introduce the exaggeration of the romanticists. Laferrière tells a good story illustrative of this. Georges was to appear in the part of Roxane, in *Bajazet*, which had been played two nights before by Duchesnois. The French public is always a little critical and slow to recognize the charm of a new beauty. Notwithstanding this, however, Mdlle. Georges was greeted on all sides with a murmur of "How beautiful!" The Emperor's recent caprice in elevating her to a kind of favourite was even forgotten. As long as she was before the curtain, her extraordinary beauty fairly bewitched the

house. But a few days afterwards Duchesnois returned in the same part, and then it was at once evident how wide was the interval between the two, and how easy it was for the less good-looking to become the greater favourite.

Another lady who proved of more service to the new literature than Georges had been was Madame Dorval. She has the glory of having made the heroines of the modern drama known and appreciated. In looks she was hardly superior to Duchesnois, but no French actress ever threw more soul and life into her characters. Talma, by his historical knowledge, may be said to have mastered his parts, but Madame Dorval was the prey of hers. Like a true woman, she threw herself wholly into the character, caring little for historical truth of attitude or exterior, but planting herself in the present—or rather on the eternal truths of human nature—not caring to recollect whether the character she was impersonating had lived in this or that age, and were called Margaret of Burgundy or Mary Tudor, Lucretia Borgia or Christina of Sweden. The play might be by Victor Hugo or Alexandre Dumas, but the one prominent figure was Dorval; she stood out in relief from a background of improbabilities, with a force and truth which have never been witnessed since.

Madame Dorval has been accused of a vulgar voice. She belonged emphatically to her own time and to a class which prided itself on being popular—on expressing *popular* sentiments, and in touching the heart of the *people.* It must be confessed that the refinements of art are wasted on a popular audience. It is open to impression, but to rouse it, it must be hit hard. Madame Dorval struck less strongly than Lemaître,[1] who was, even more than she, a *popular actor.* Lemaître had the passions of the mob; like them, he was coarse; and like them, it must be owned, he was vicious. However rough Dorval's voice might be, however free her gestures, or loose her attitudes, she was sure to throw over the scene some charming ray of tenderness, some beam from the gold of the feminine soul within. But Lemaître, on the other hand, had no feeling in himself, and could therefore excite none in others. His only method of making his audience laugh or cry was that of violent contrasts; the subtle agitations of melancholy were as alien to him as the trembling timidity of love. In his hands love was always more or less exaggerated and coarse; but the mastery of vice—the delirium of play, ambition, jealousy, hate, or revenge—these he could depict with prodigious force. He was full of a dark, bitter, savage irony. He tyrannized over his audience as he did over his manager, and was no less irregular as an actor than he was unpleasant as a companion. He impersonated Kean to the life, especially in scenes where Kean had lost both reason and conscience. He came upon the stage as if he had stepped out of the gutter. He was the inventor of a low style, in which the points were made by scoffing at law, and defying justice, and in which goodness was made game of and conscience ridiculed. When Lemaître appeared the classical *répertoire* was in its decline, and the tragedies of the ancient masters were falling into discredit through the faults of those who interpreted them. The French theatre had suffered from two grave evils, each imported from Germany. On the one hand the low comedy of Kotzebue, with its petty intrigues and vulgar characters, had forced itself into the very heart of the *Maison de Molière;* and on the other hand the passion for Schiller had inundated us with sentimental dramas *à grand spectacle,* in which the stage was filled with the castles and robbers of the Middle Ages, with noblemen who were brigands in disguise, and heroines who were daughters of thieves. The strange dramas of the Ambigu and the Porte St. Martin, which were the delight of the Parisians under

[1] Frédéric Lemaître was recently buried amid a concourse of more than 50,000 spectators. What social philosopher, what great poet, was ever so accompanied to his last home as this *popular actor?*

the First Empire and the Restoration, were the gift of Germany. These plays were called *melodramas*, because music was added to the dialogue. Every main incident was accompanied by an appropriate melody. Did two lovers find themselves surprised by a jealous father or rival, a startling chord proclaimed the fact! Was a brigand tracked to his retreat, a martial symphony echoed the shots of the pursuers, and added to the horrors of the situation! More than one generation has laughed and wept by turns at the misfortunes of these virtuous brigands, the sallies of the buffoon of the gang, or the treachery of the traitor. Indeed, the "traitor" of melodrama is a character who may be almost said still to exist; at any rate, he survived the style of piece which brought him into being. The French playwrights, while borrowing their dramas from Germany, certainly improved them; they made them shorter and more amusing; made the business more consistent and the catastrophe more startling; did away with the clouds which German poetry had thrown round the subject, and introduced motion, life, and wit. Guibert de Pixérécourt may be said to have brought this style of literature to its climax.

Scribe himself began by imitating Kotzebue, and, though he rose in the end to be virtually master of both German and French stage, at the time we are speaking of he wrote complicated mysterious melodramas, in which virtue and vice ran neck-and-neck, and virtue succeeded only after having encountered the greatest risks. The excitement was so great as to cause the erection of three or four theatres on the Boulevard St. Martin and the Boulevard du Temple, which thus obtained its nick-name of "Boulevard du Crime." Some of these theatres have been destroyed by M. Hausmann, but the most renowned of all was burnt by the Commune, and since its re-erection has been filled for four hundred successive nights by the admirers of the *Journey Round the World in Eighty Days*—or rather in five hours. Tastes have truly changed, but can hardly be said to have improved. Scribe, however, must not be accused of killing the ancient melodrama, for he dropt it almost immediately. It was worked for some time by Bouchardy, the greatest artist of his time, by Anicet Bourgeois, Dennery, and Lockroy, father of the present deputy for Paris, who played in his own pieces with Frédéric Lemaître, and was the incarnation of the inflated, coarse, declamatory style of writing, which has done so much to educate the Parisians for their recent brilliant destiny. The mass of the people of Paris have no school but the theatre. It is from the theatre that they gain their notions of history and the rights of man. Dumas senior, the "great Dumas," saw how this fact might be turned to account: he created the historic drama, and became the schoolmaster of the people. The ancient melodrama received its real death-blow from Lemaître. Whether Lemaître was a man of genius, no one can deny that he had it on one occasion. Having to play the principal character in a melodrama by Antier, one of the regular writers of the "Boulevard du Crime," it struck him during the rehearsals that the words of his part were simply absurd, and that it would be much easier to make his audience laugh than cry. The manager fell in with the idea, and the result was that Robert Macaire, instead of being acted in earnest, was acted in parody, or, as the Parisian term is, *en charge*. This was shortly after the Revolution of 1830; the public were still warm from the barricades, and quite prepared to enjoy the dish then put before them, a dish in which law and authority were made game of, virtue was ridiculed, and audacity applauded, theft made comic, and murder a joke. Thus played, the piece—*L'Auberge des Adrèts*—was an ill-omened parody. But its success was in proportion to the boldness of the idea. Lemaître proved an incomparable actor of so low a part. He had never succeeded in accustoming his harsh voice to the cadence of verse, or the sustained elevation of measured

prose, nor had he ever become at home among the "Comediens Ordinaires de Sa Majesté," as the actors of the Français were then called. But notwithstanding these great defects, on the day following the production of the drama in question, Lemaître found that he had emerged from the shade into the full sunlight. From that time forward he was regarded as the greatest dramatic genius that had ever existed, and it was only the other day that Victor Hugo uttered the same exaggeration over his tomb, with hardly a dissenting voice. But if Lemaître was a man of genius, what was Talma? what was Rachel? Genius he may have had, but it was the genius of baseness, and therefore unworthy of admiration by any civilized people.

Genius was not the prerogative of Mdlle. Mars so much as that peculiarly French gift which we call *goût*, and which is made up of tact, feeling, delicacy, and grace. A little more and *goût* becomes *préciosité*, as those discovered who endeavoured to imitate her, and only succeeded in exaggerating what she just avoided. She stopped short at the line which all her imitators crossed. In Mdlle. Mars the graceful *finesse* I refer to showed itself in all she did. She was so pretty and elegant, her figure so slim, her mouth charming, and her eyes very quick and speaking—she was the first to manage her eyelids in the way which has been since imitated *ad nauseam*. But what distinguished her most was her voice, which was remarkably sweet and incomparably fresh. At fifty she played the part of a girl of eighteen in the first act of Madame Ancelot's *Marie*, and the illusion was perfect. In Molière, and perhaps even still more in Marivaux, where the merit lies in the brilliancy of the repartee, and in that rapid exchange of words which is known as *marivaudage*, Mars certainly excelled all actresses before or since. In that refined art she had no rival, and what was most remarkable was the entire absence of artifice. Without having heard her it is impossible to understand how perfectly she could control herself, and how her delicacy never degenerated into the affectation (Molière's *fin du fin*) which since her death has been cultivated on the French stage to a positive pitch of sublimity. In this respect the influence of Mdlle. Mars (especially in characters of the Celimène type) has been absolutely bad. Her tiny mouth and her caressing drawl have been caricatured by her imitators into *bouches en cœur* and an unnatural pronunciation more like the twittering of a bird than the human voice—even if it can be heard at all, which is often not the case. In difficult coquette parts she surpassed her predecessors, Mdlles. Contat and Leverde; but in so doing she tempted those who followed her to *decadence*. Madame Arnoult de Plessy, for example, has occupied the stage in various kinds of characters for forty years, and has left few compeers behind her. I would not say a word to injure this lady with her numerous admirers, but there can be no doubt that she has been guilty of great exaggeration, and that with all her exquisite delicacy she has seriously damaged the art.

In private Mdlle. Mars was a strange creature. She passed her time over her famous diamonds, in endless caprices, in bitter speeches discharged from lips very different from the enchanting mouth of Celimène. She who on the stage was so charming, when off it was the very reverse. She had lovers, whom she habitually ill-treated; all shared alike, but they had at least the consolation that it was of their own seeking. Not so her associates on the boards, who suffered from her ill-humour without any chance of compensation. Mdlle. Mars was usually looked upon as cold and grasping. It is said that when very young she loved the painter Gérard; but she certainly forsook him for Prince Galitzin, and for an establishment and diamonds which have since become celebrated. She was born in the theatre, and yet had all the air of a grand lady. Feeling she had none, and yet no one could better express it. At the congress of

Tilsit she and Talma were engaged to play before the crowned heads congregated there. Every one had arrived except Mars, and she had parted from the others on the road and had taken a separate conveyance. M. de Remusat (father of the late Academician), the then Chamberlain, had to inform the Emperor of her non-arrival. At length she appeared. Her carriage had upset, and her face bore the marks of the accident. The Emperor at once ordered the whole company before him, and addressed her in his most angry style. "So you are come at last, *ma belle!* I advise you to appear as you are before the Emperors." Mars burst into tears, on which Napoleon put on the soft voice and winning smile which he knew how to employ when he pleased—"Ah, *méchante!* you make game of us all, and quite right too—you can always shed tears." It was now her turn to smile. On this the Emperor reassumed his angry tone—"Ah! if I only knew who it was that dared to detain you!" "What then?" said she, with a glance of mischief. "What then?" said the Emperor; "I would reward him like a hero for having had the courage to give you up." The Emperor was fond of these little scenes with his favourites. He liked people to be afraid of him; but he liked them still better to oppose him—in little things.

The lustre of the French stage is due rather to its actresses than its actors. Mdlle. Mars was at the head of that earnest, dignified, serious comedy of which the *Misanthrope* and *Tartuffe* are the finished models. And she was also at the head of the lighter and more graceful class, in which the wit of Marivaux effected so much for the style of French conversation. Mdlle. Rachel followed, as the most perfect tragedian in the true French style—or one might even say the true antique style—that ever lived. While Mdlle. Mars owed everything to education, Rachel may be said to have owed everything to nature. It is difficult to imagine circumstances less favourable to art and sentiment than those in which Rachel was reared; but her natural gifts were so truly remarkable that not even the deteriorating influences of her home could spoil them. Perhaps her family life even forced her to keep down the passion which was always smouldering in her breast, and which in later life burst out in such magnificent explosions. Many stories are told to show that she had no instruction whatever, and never even learned to read or write till late in life; but such accounts should be received with great caution, and none of them will bear the inference that they are intended to carry. No doubt she had not Talma's knowledge, which would have enabled her to study the characters of Hermione, Rodogune, Phèdre, and Roxane, in the light of classical antiquity or of the *bas-empire.* But even her immense dramatic instinct could not alone have insured her pre-eminence, or given her the power to cope as she did with history, philosophy, and all-embracing poetry. Her beauty was not of that plastic order which we naturally associate with the ancient heroines; and yet no one ever more resembled the Panathenaic figures of Phidias. She was of moderate height, and looked tall because her figure was so elegant and well proportioned. Her thinness was proverbial, but on the stage it was not noticed. Whether beneath the *peplum* or not, the angles of her shoulders and the prominent joints of her arms seemed in perfect harmony with the rest of her figure. When in repose she was like a marble statue; but the marble was full of life, breath, and passion. Her head was certainly not pretty, and yet its beauty was remarkable; the forehead was ample, and full of vigorous thought; the nose small, lengthened, and delicately curved; the mouth of charming contour, the teeth small, but ferocious, and the chin rounded in a single perfect curve; the lip curving occasionally with an ineffable expression of irony or contempt; an ear worthy of Praxiteles; the head long, the cheeks thin, the hair and eyebrows black—all this will

be understood to have made up a head both strikingly original and full of character. But the most remarkable thing in Rachel was the way in which she looked at you. Beneath the rounded arch of her eyebrows and in the depths of their deep and gloomy caverns her black eyes seemed to slumber under their long lashes; but on a sudden the eyelids would lift, the eyes flashed like lightning, and darted like the thunderbolt. Nothing, by any possibility, could be more sudden or more terrible. The forehead seemed to glow, the word rushed from the lips, and the audience trembled. What was it that produced this extraordinary effect? What, indeed? Her eyes had opened, her mouth had unclosed, and her thin arm had been raised. And the effect was simply prodigious. I am trying to convey how Rachel with so little apparent means produced such enormous effects. Her *pose*, her attitudes, her gestures, were all quiet in the extreme. Other tragic actors make their effects by exaggeration,—rolling their eyes, whirling their arms, and twisting their hands, exactly as if in a fit of epilepsy; she was always quiet and self-possessed, truthful, simple, and dignified. But then her smallest word was like a blow, her least gesture told, and her look was far more powerful than if it had been more violent. And the same thing with her voice. No shouting or noise, but subterranean explosions, distant thunder rolling nearer and nearer and at last exploding through the cloud in thunderbolts which never missed their mark, and—more important still—never went beyond it. Thus her acting possessed an intellectual greatness which defied competition, and raised it far above that of actors like Ristori and Rossi, whose style is full of exaggeration.

Rachel passed away at the flower of her age and the very acme of her talent; the blade had worn out the scabbard. After her death it almost seemed as if the French theatre were at an end. But though the brilliant stars had disappeared, there remained actors enough to play comedy in perfection, such as Provost, Samson, and Régnier. They have been succeeded by Got, Coquelin, and a few others who have the gift of perpetual youth. Mdlle. Croizette, though much talked of, owes more to her toilet than her talent.

In the *Maison de Molière* of Dumas fils, produced at the Théâtre Français, we have a fresh step in the deterioration of the stage. It would be unfair, however, to close this article without alluding to the various companies outside the Français, which excel in light comedy, such as the Palais Royal and especially the Gymnase, which has witnessed the innocent audacities of Mdlle. Rose Chéri, the passion and spirit of Desclée, the natural grace of Mdlle. Delaporte, and the good-humour of Geoffroy, the most perfect type of the "bourgeois de Paris." Such actors have no more in common with the buffoons of the Operetta than the music of Offenbach has with that of Rossini. They are admirable models of second-class art, full of delicacy and spirit; and their style has had an immense success in Paris both among natives and foreigners. But it would be unjust to estimate the condition of French drama from that which is so new and, it may be hoped, so temporary. It is already difficult to obtain applause for farce unflavoured with indecency, or for actors without exaggeration.

VICOMTE DE CALONNE.

DOMESTIC SERVICE.

"How is the work of our houses to be done?" Though a homely theme, this is really one of the most pressing questions in modern social life. Many may feel that they have already heard more than enough about it. Still there seems to be room for some suggestions which may prove useful.

It is vain to sigh after the olden times, when simpler life and manners made domestic service another name for a loyal tie and happy relationship between rich and poor, who mutually helped and benefited each other. All that is changed. Modern civilization, among many other things, has largely increased our wants. Money in ever increasing amount is necessary to supply these; and additional labour is requisite as well as money. Men in thousands leave our shores, to push their way in the world, and make fortunes if they can; while women remain the majority in our home population. In many cases these women must earn money that they may live, since there are not men to do it for them. Long ago, in like circumstances, many of them turned to domestic service as a natural sphere. But now, since remunerative work of all sorts (even what has hitherto been considered strictly masculine) is being opened up to women, a reaction has set in which threatens us with a sort of social revolution.

How, then, is the work of our houses to be done? Each member of every family in the country is affected by the reply given to this question, and all the "nameless unremembered acts" which make up life are really coloured by it. Almost every woman, who has a house to govern, knows how increasingly difficult it is to obtain efficient service, and though, if wise, she will keep her own counsel and patiently endure much, her difficulties about servants will be betrayed from time to time, by important posts in the household being left vacant, with all the discomfort which that implies.

The whole middle class, especially the poorer section of it, is at present suffering serious inconvenience and loss from this difficulty. Hence the necessity for discussing the matter in a practical spirit. An efficacious remedy for a tangible evil is required, and must be found, sooner or later. Alongside of this unsatisfactory state of matters as to service, we find an outcry for work, higher education, the opening up of professions to women, and so forth. All this is natural, inevitable, commendable. But, is there no risk of its obscuring or even hiding the truth as to woman's primary duty and sphere? It may not be easy to explain or account for it, but the fact remains, that while on all hands occupation is sought for by women, the kind of work peculiarly theirs is neglected. It is a great evil that well educated and sensible women are forced to give so much time and thought to the mere finding of persons to clean their houses, cook their food, and tend their children. Instead of the mother and mistress being able to devote herself to the training of her children and the governing of her household, this worrying quest consumes her strength and time.

Two things are needed to remedy the existing evils: the one—greater competency in servants; the other—a larger number of women willing to undertake domestic work. It is surely worth while to inquire whether anything can be done to meet both of these.

Oddly enough, women seem to be supposed capable of doing house service without special training for it, or at least with just such as they can pick up

anyhow, and anywhere; just as they were once supposed competent to keep school without training. No baker, mason, or groom expects to be hired till he has learned his trade; but women appear to take for granted that they can sweep, dust, clean silver, steel, glass, and boots, can wash, iron, and even cook by a sort of intuition. And unfortunate mistresses, forced to hire the best they can meet with, too often find that they have taken persons into their houses, whom they pay and feed well, and lodge in comfort, and yet have to teach how to do the very things which they confidently undertook to perform, and for the very purpose of doing which they were hired. In some few cases, the teaching process may be brief, when, for example, the servant is clever and anxious to learn, and the mistress has few demands on her time, and some strength to spare. But in a home where there are young children, indifferent health, and limited income, the lady who is obliged to teach her own servants leads a life which is simply one not worth having.

Ought there not then to be a training school for domestic service?—an institution where women could be taught how to clean a house and all its various implements, to light a fire, to wash and dress linen, also simple cookery, and methodical, punctual and tidy habits; or at least shown the practical utility of such habits? It is true that cooking is now taught in many places, and, from the general attention given to the subject, it may probably be taken for granted that before long some knowledge about the preparation of food will be a recognised branch of a girl's education. But in other departments of housework, no less than in this one, training is requisite. Some such institution as is suggested in the following sketch would afford this training.

1. As heads of the school, Two Ladies. One the head-mistress, with absolute authority; the other, subordinate to her, but also an educated lady, who might keep the accounts, and give practical instruction.

2. Under these, one experienced woman from the working class, with good ability and thorough knowledge of housework in all its details. The ladies must also possess this knowledge.

3. Entrance fee for every pupil to be 1*l*.

4. Time of residence, six weeks; and if a longer time is required, the entrance fee to be paid again, at the commencement of the second six weeks. The pupil to be free to leave at any time. No holidays granted, and the entrance fee never to be returned in any case, whether the entire six weeks' term be made out or not. Insubordination to be followed by dismissal.

5. Board to be paid by each pupil weekly in advance, at the rate of, say, 10*s*. per week.

6. The apartments of the mistress to be furnished in such a way as to give the pupils the same work as they would have to do in service in a family, with plenty of plated silver and crystal to keep. Their table to be as elaborate as circumstances permit.

7. The pupils' rooms, beds, and fare to be rigidly what they might expect to find in service, in the families of the poorer middle class.

8. The pupils to do the work of the establishment, and to be trained in the doing of it.

9. If this did not provide sufficient employment, the head-mistress might be at liberty to take in work to whatever extent she deemed necessary,—such as washing to rough dry, laundry work, neglected steel grates, or silver to put in order, &c. &c. In every case payments to go to the school funds, and not to the individual workers.

10. After pupils had attained a certain proficiency, the mistress might arrange that they went out to work in families by the day or hour, returning to the school at night, and (when practicable), to meals. The fees in this case also to go to the school funds. It would be understood that in this matter of working out (as well as everything else), the head-mistress had absolute authority, and would decide according

to what in her judgment was the sort of practice each pupil required.

11. If it were found that young ladies wished to become pupils, a wing or flat of the house might be set apart with superior bedrooms for them. They would take their meals with the mistresses and pay proportionate board, say 1*l.* 10*s.* per week. Their entrance fee would be 1*l.*, as in the case of the other pupils.

12. If any Lady wished to learn how to conduct a similar "school," she would also be received as a boarder, her entrance fee being 5*l.*

Pupils of these two classes would be an advantage, because they would increase and give variety to the work of the house.

In starting such a school, it may be taken for granted that the rent, taxes, and furniture must be supplied either by subscriptions, donations, or private enterprise. The rate of board would require to be fixed at the lowest possible point, and yet high enough to cover the cost. The entrance fees should meet the salaries of the mistresses and head servant; and the payments for outside work might be calculated upon to cover the outlay in brushes and cleaning implements. With salaries at say 100*l.*, 75*l.*, and 25*l.*, and an average of twenty-five pupils all the year round, there could be no serious financial loss, and probably the number of pupils would soon be greatly above that average number.

It may be objected that the women for whom this kind of instruction is specially intended will not avail themselves of it; that they will argue, not unnaturally, "since without such training we can get situations and the wages we wish, there is no need for going to school, in any sense of the word." This difficulty might be met, so far, by a system of certificates of merit, and by mistresses giving a steady preference to all possessing such certificates. Still it is to be feared, that so long as the number of females available for service continues less than the number required, the standard of competency will not materially rise.

This introduces the question, Can nothing be done to increase the number of women willing to undertake domestic work?

The first thing that suggests itself is, that all unnecessary servants, all kept entirely or mainly for show, ought to be dispensed with. And if in addition to the merely useless servants every family were to reduce the numbers it employed as much as possible, many would be at once set free for service in those households which at present cannot find any. But might not a further step be taken, and the ladies of the family (where there are several of them) perform regularly *a certain share* of the work? Girls seem content to know nothing whatever of domestic work or of the management of children—expend their superfluous energy either in croquet and dancing, sewing for fancy fairs, or distributing tracts and teaching Sunday classes, and believe that they work hard. They marry, and take upon themselves the responsibilities of that state while totally ignorant of the duties it involves. Is it surprising that much evil and unhappiness result? Every young woman in the middle classes ought to know, not only how to spend and keep account of money, but each detail of household work. This knowledge she can only attain by some practice in her father's house; nor should she feel this work, though sometimes called "menial," in any sense degrading. As habitually used, the term "menial" is utterly vague, and frequently means just what we wish it to mean. It is a degradation to be idle, whether rich or poor, and it is a degradation to do badly any work which one has undertaken; but no household duty that a lady chooses to do can degrade her, *if she does it well.* If every girl, after school-life ended, undertook a certain portion of the daily work in her home, a number of servants might at once be dispensed with.[1]

[1] A supposed case may explain this more fully. A family of five persons, two of them daughters, have a cook, waitress, and housemaid. The daughters (A B) undertake part

Several objections may be raised to this. Some may think that by doing such work young girls might become vulgar. This need never follow. It is not at all meant that they should work along with women of a lower class; and it is not what we do with our hands, but the spirit in which we do it, that vulgarises or refines. If girls could only be made to see that they have definite duties to perform, and that their time is of value to others, much would be accomplished towards the cure of that frivolity of which we hear so many complaints. With a suitable dress, a covering for the hair, and housemaid's gloves, a lady may make beds and clean rooms without the slightest injury, and probably with gain in some directions.

Another objection may be that young ladies are deficient in the physical strength necessary for this sort of work. In some instances this is true. But when we recall how much fatigue most girls undergo in dancing, riding, skating, rinking, archery, &c., it is difficult to believe that there is much weight in this objection. If even a share of the force required for these fatiguing amusements was reserved for housework, a great deal might be accomplished.

It may be objected further, that for educated girls to engage in housework is a waste of time, and will prevent their mental improvement and culture generally. There is even less force in this than in the former objection. Every one knows how easy those things become which we are obliged to do daily in the same order, and to an educated girl housework would soon become so nearly mechanical as to make a very small demand on her brain power. But even if it should make *more* than a small demand, every woman ought to know how to do it, and is therefore bound to acquire such knowledge in the first place. It is not fixing a lower but a higher and broader standard for women's education and culture to maintain that it should begin at the foundation. Speaking, not of the gifted or talented, but of the average woman, it may be safely affirmed, that to make herself in the first place thoroughly acquainted with her natural work—viz., the care of the home and the young—will prove an aid and not a hindrance to her "higher education." Only a small percentage of women have the brain-power, time, health, and money requisite to follow purely intellectual pursuits, but every one can learn her special work and duty *as a woman.*

A second way to increase the number of women available for service would be, a much more extensive employment of them as time-workers. In many parts of Scotland it is common to have all washing and rough cleaning done by a woman hired for the day or half-day. And if this same system could be introduced into other departments of work, and women of the humbler classes, who could not become servants and yet have spare time, induced to do some sort of housework in families at so much per hour, a good many resident servants might be dispensed with. There are cases where a lady is forced to hire an additional servant, for whom, however, she cannot provide full work. If, in such circumstances, she could find a woman willing to come to her house and do some definite thing for two or three hours a day, this additional servant would be unnecessary.

There may be better remedies for our domestic difficulties than those now indicated; but these are at least natural ones, and to whatever extent they are adopted, they will undoubtedly lessen the pressure of the great household problems, How to obtain good servants, and a sufficient number of them?

of the work. Immediately after breakfast (say at nine o'clock or half-past nine) A removes the breakfast dishes and dusts the breakfast-rooms; B in the meantime doing the drawing-room. A and B then make the beds and dust the bed-rooms. All this will require an hour. In addition, A daily covers the table for luncheon, and B takes charge of looking over the clothes and prepares the lists for the laundress. With such assistance regularly given, and a re-arrangement of the work of the house, two servants would be sufficient for this family.

THE ENDOWMENT OF RESEARCH.[1]

"What is done in Oxford in the next two years will give the tone and set the example for the whole country for generations to come. Shall we have a university to which free science and liberal letters attract, by their own lustre, only such ingenuous youths as have a true vocation; or shall we have a great national *lycée*, through the routine of which we shall attempt to force willing and unwilling, apt and unapt alike, by the stimulus of emulation, of honours, prizes, and rewards?"

These weighty words of the Rector of Lincoln set the question of University Reform in its highest and most important bearings. The commissioners are not concerned merely with questions of readjustment of revenues and declericalisation of college offices: they must deal with the fundamental conception on which a university is founded.

The old historic aspect of the university was that of a place of study; its revenues were given it to enable poor students to support themselves with the necessaries of life. When this old theory was found, in the change of social conditions, to harbour abuses, the Act of 1854 provided summary remedies. It converted the university into a place of education; it used its revenues partly as subsidies to teachers, partly as prizes to incite young men to be taught.

No doubt this change did away with many abuses, and was a great cause in heightening the standard of education in England. But now that the new state of things has been in operation twenty years, it is not found to give entire contentment to those who have been working it. Dissatisfaction and discontent have increased with the increase of activity. In proportion as Oxford has tried to do its work more thoroughly it has found that work unsatisfying. A feverish desire for change has possessed it, and different panaceas have been popular from time to time. Any one who has known Oxford, even for the last ten years, must think with astonishment on the various opinions which have prevailed among the advanced party of reformers.

Opinion has been alternately in favour of strengthening the university, and of strengthening the college system, of increasing the professoriate, and of increasing the efficiency of the college tutors. The university was extended by the admission of unattached students; forthwith a new college sprang into being, and many of the old colleges began to build additional buildings. At one time it was thought that reform would be complete if clerical restrictions on headships were done away with; at another time young sinecure fellows expatiated on the waste of money involved in the existence of sinecure headships at all, and were urgent in clamouring for their entire abolition. At one time professors were held to be valuable as being representatives of the university, and so standing outside of the colleges as dispassionate critics of the tutors; at another time efforts were made to absorb the professoriate into the colleges by giving college-fellowships to as many of them as might be.

In fact, professors have proved a great difficulty. At one time there was hope that the chief part of the education of the university would pass into their hands. Lately, attempts have been made to insure greater stability in the teaching staff of the colleges, and to assimilate the college tutor to the professor. Changes have been made in the tenure of fellowships. The restriction of celibacy has been in some cases exchanged for a tenure depending on the discharge of educational or other duties. Thus a new class of fellows has been created, dependent for the tenure of their fellowship on periodical re-election

[1] *Essays on the Endowment of Research*, by various writers. London: King, 1876.

to their office by the vote of the other fellows of their college. The fellowship in these cases has been attached to the office; that is to say, the college has appropriated the revenues of the fellowship as a subsidy to officials of its own.

So, too, different views have been held about the utility of an examination system, and about the best methods of conducting it. Examinations have been enthusiastically advocated, and strongly condemned. They have been alternately broadened and narrowed in their scope. At one time the cry was to set them free from the bondage of "books," so as to cultivate mental readiness and vivacity in the taught; at another time the need was felt of bringing back young students to greater accuracy in points of detail, and of clipping their tendency to airy discursiveness.

These rapid changes of opinion have led to great restlessness, and much creaking of machinery. Life in Oxford is like life in a house which always has the workmen about it. "I never can come to Oxford for a holiday," was the remark of one who had left it for a most laborious post in practical life. "It is far too busy a place for that. It seems to me to be perpetual motion and no progress."

It is not under these circumstances surprising that a reform of the universities is again contemplated. The feeling that there is something wrong has in a great measure been created within the universities themselves. Applications for sanction to changes of the statutes or ordinances of the colleges went with increasing rapidity before the privy council and the visitors. There was a growing tendency to make political capital out of university matters. Aspiring publicists, whom Oxford had raised and trained, were anxious to bring into prominence a question which they might claim as their own. Everyone was ready for a change; for in the continual flux of opinion it was always a chance that his own particular ideas might come to the top.

But in opposition to the two classes of what may be called *Mechanical* Reformers and *Political* Reformers, there has been slowly growing up in late years a class of *Academical* Reformers. Of these the Rector of Lincoln may justly claim to be the head and the exponent. His "Memoir on Academical Reorganisation," which appeared in 1868, and which put forward the view of a university as being primarily a place of learning, met with little favour at first. But the principles which were there laid down slowly germinated. The claims of "research" have been gradually recognised. An increasing number of those interested in university matters have come to consider the promotion of learning as an object of greater consequence to the university than the promotion of education. The first draft of Lord Salisbury's Bill directed the commissioners to "have regard to the interests of religion, learning and research." Education was regarded as of secondary importance.

In this state of opinion the appearance of a volume of essays dealing with the subject of the "Endowment of Research" cannot fail to be full of interest. Many who would accept the object as desirable in itself may still feel doubts about its practical application, and would like to see the principles on which it is founded worked out with some regard to details. The present volume does not aim at setting forward a constructive scheme. It only calls attention to the vital importance of the subject itself and to the need of taking it into serious consideration.

The first Essay, by the Rector of Lincoln, is a survey of the situation in its bearings on the past history of University Reform. Mr. Cotton follows with the historical argument based on the intention of the founders of fellowships. It certainly requires some justification that fellowships should be given away as prizes to young men of the age of twenty-two with no duties or obligations attached to them, when they were originally intended to maintain poor students while they were pursuing their studies. In some cases, as Mr. Cotton points out, fellowships were founded with the express object that students might not be driven by poverty to occupy themselves with teaching. At present fellowships are simply prizes.

Lord Salisbury, when introducing his Bill, spoke of "idle fellowships" as though there were some fellowships which were "industrious fellowships"; and there is a general belief that some of the fellowships are applied to educational purposes. But this is not really the case. All fellowships are "idle" fellowships, in the sense that their tenure involves no duties. The possession of a fellowship, no doubt, enables many men to work as tutors for less pay than they otherwise would do. But this is an incidental advantage, and is in no sense connected with the conditions of the tenure of a fellowship. The only use of fellowships for educational purposes is their annexation in a few cases to professorships as a supplement to the small salary from the University, and their annexation in one or two colleges to the office of tutor when held by a married man.

This incidental use of fellowships as subsidies to education is attacked by Dr. Appleton on economic grounds, with the view of deprecating its further extension. He argues that subsidies ought not to be given to the higher education, which is so valuable in itself that those who need it ought to pay for it. Subsidies and protection go necessarily together, and shut out the teacher from the stimulus of competition, while they keep his wages unnaturally low and prevent teaching from becoming a recognised profession with a prospect of career. Dr. Appleton's economic arguments will perhaps sound hard. Many will be ready to exclaim against any increase in the expense of a university education. But those who know university life will be ready to confess that its expensiveness arises from the general tone of social luxury, not from the necessary expenses of education. So long as a university is regarded primarily as a pleasant club for young men of good family for a few years after they have left school, it will tend to be expensive. No one would wish in the present condition of England that these young men should not go to the universities: but surely their habits should not be taken as a uniform standard, and the economic aspect of education should not be regarded as subordinate to their traditions. It would be better to make poor students pay the market price for their teaching and learn to live simpler lives. Moreover, it is quite possible to subsidise the poor students by a wiser distribution of scholarships, instead of subsidising for their sake all the teachers of the university. Men value what they pay for. It is notorious that undergraduates who have to be driven to their tutors' lectures, go regularly, even at the most inconvenient hours, to the "coach" whom they have chosen for themselves.

Having thus far cleared the way, Dr. Appleton in the next essay proceeds to argue in favour of the endowment of research on the ground that it is a productive form of expenditure. Without following him into the technical part of his argument there are sufficient general grounds which render the endowment of research a matter of public expediency. The pursuit of knowledge at first hand can never be directly remunerative. The length of time which it requires would alone prevent it from being so. Moreover, research must necessarily be occupied with special subjects in which only a small number of persons are at any time directly interested. A discovery, which it may take years to make, can be expressed in a few pages: when once it is made and published, it straightway passes into the common stock of knowledge, and very few would care to buy an elaborate statement of the steps by which it has been gained. The qualities of the discoverer are not necessarily of a literary kind, and he may not be able to produce any book which has a chance of selling. It is clear that no man who is engaged in the search for knowledge at first hand can hope to maintain himself by the profession of literature.

Dr. Appleton points out the great services to research which have been rendered in England by the clergy, because Church preferment gave at once the opportunity and the reward for study. But this is no longer the case, except with deaneries and canonries. Altered social conditions and a higher idea of clerical responsibility have prevented a clerical life from being one of leisure. Students are now to be looked

for chiefly amongst the laity, and men who have the capacity and the desire for study are sorely put to it to find the means.

Education and popular teaching in some shape or other are now the only means by which a scholar can hope to maintain himself. Many men who engage in these pursuits, with the hope of finding leisure for study as well, become entirely absorbed in them after a few struggles. Often a feeling of highminded conscientiousness compels them to devote their energies entirely to their educational duties. Sometimes there is no nervous force to spare for study when the necessary work of their position has been done. At the best, a few hurried hours, when mind and body are weary, are all that can be saved for their life's chief object. The routine of teaching, moreover, dulls a man's intellectual perceptions in some instances, and narrows his view. It is clear that the man engaged in educational work, which has for its object preparation for examination, cannot produce the highest scientific results as well.

The essay of Mr. Sorby is very interesting as illustrating this position. It gives the results of a personal experience, extending over thirty years, of the advantages of research unencumbered by other duties. Mr. Sorby is, luckily for himself and for mankind, a gentleman of independent means, whose devotion to scientific pursuits has been unchecked by any vulgar ambitions. As one whose discoveries have extended the domain of human knowledge, he has a right to give his opinion about the way in which he has found that this can best be done. He insists upon the necessity of abundance of time, leisure, and mental quiet as conditions of research. Results that are to be of permanent value must be sought for with patience, with attention, with quietness of mind. A student must be prepared to follow his subject into all the paths whither it may lead him, even though he often finds that a laborious inquiry has ended in producing nothing. He must not be harassed by the need of rapid production. It is well that he should have few extraneous things to distract his mental energies from their main subject. For these, amongst other reasons, it is well to have some students who are laden with no other obligations than those of study, and are not bound to educational duties.

At present the only offices at the universities which encourage research are professorships. Their holders are, as a rule, saddled only with light educational duties. A small number of lectures is exacted from them in two out of the three terms into which the academical year is divided. But the position of a professor, except in the case of the professors of the physical sciences, is a very anomalous one. It is often urged as an insuperable objection to the endowment of research that it is impossible to find any satisfactory means of electing to offices which have a dangerous similarity to sinecures. It may be answered that there are at present greater dangers in the way of electing to a professorship. The post is supposed to have educational duties, and is supposed also to be held by one who is a thorough student of his subject. But the two qualities are not by any means always, or even usually, united. An appointment to a professorship may at present be justified on the grounds of approved excellence as a teacher, or acknowledged eminence as a student, or as being a judicious and wholesome combination of the two sets of qualifications. Hence neither education nor study can calculate on finding in a professorship the goal for their ambition. Neither a capable tutor nor a profound student can look forward to earning a professorship. It is impossible to say what views are held about the qualifications for it. Hence arises the unfortunate fact that the highest academical office which can be won by merit inspires no ambition and opens up no career. Fellowships to be given as the rewards of research would be more productive of diligence, and would give a greater stimulus to study than do professorships in their present anomalous position.

It is, in fact, difficult at present to know what a professor ought to do. On all sides complaints are heard that the professors' lectures are unattended. This

has become more and more the case lately, owing partly to the fact of greater energy amongst tutors, and partly to the greater organisation of college lectures. Knots of colleges combine for lecturing purposes, and so every undergraduate has a large choice of lectures which he may attend. The object of college lectures is to prepare men for the university examinations. College tutors are engaged in this as their chief object, and are, therefore, more likely to be adepts at the tricks and knacks requisite for that purpose than is the professor of maturer years and larger knowledge. As examinations have increased in intensity, the art of preparing men for them has become more and more of a trade. In earlier days, when colleges were more negligent, many professors, such as Mr. Jowett and Mr. Goldwin Smith, gave a most valuable stimulus to teaching, and stirred up college tutors to greater activity. But now the tutors are alive and alert, and have organised themselves into confederations, which map out amongst them all the subjects required in the examinations: the professors, even if they wished to do so, would hardly succeed in competing with them in the art of preparing for the Schools. The tutors have youth on their side. They have themselves come more recently from the Schools. They have a direct interest in the success of their pupils, because it redounds to their own credit. They have a greater familiarity with the undergraduates in other ways, and can adapt their teaching to their shifting needs. It is, in fact, their business to do for their pupils what it would be degrading for a professor of any eminence to do in public lectures delivered in an academic capacity.

Thus professors rarely attempt to teach solely with reference to the examinations: and if they attempt to do so they fail, because with much greater knowledge and far wider experience they still cannot do it so well as those whose trade it is. If the professors, on the other hand, try to lecture on subjects, or parts of subjects, which have no direct bearing on the examinations, they have a very small audience. Nor is this surprising: tutors and undergraduates alike are too busy to attend to anything except their own work. Such is the tyranny of the system of examinations that it often happens that professors whose name alone would command a crowded audience if they were lecturing in any other town in England, lecture in Oxford to well-nigh empty benches.

When this is the case, it is clear that the only real function which remains for professors to accomplish is that of research. For the superficial preparation for examination—which is all that an undergraduate has time for—the professoriate is not needed. The increase of the professoriate is to be looked upon as a desirable step only because it is another name for the endowment of research. It is, however, most desirable that the truth should be told about it, and that its real meaning should be made known. The endowment of research under the name of founding an educational office is a false step and tends to defeat its own object. At present if a professor delivers the twelve lectures required by his statute every year, no one can say that he is neglecting his duties, and though no one attends his lectures no one is justified in saying that he is unfit for his post.

If the duties of the professors were recognised as being, what they must be in fact if there are to be any real duties at all, duties primarily of research, greater care would be taken in elections to professorships, and greater stress of public opinion would tend to stimulate the professors to show themselves as standing at the head of their several branches of study. It is necessary to emphasise this point, because the chief objection raised to the endowment of research is the difficulty of electing to an office with no other obligation than study. To this the answer may be urged that at present appointments are made to offices which are practically useful only for the purposes of research. These appointments are, as a rule, made well, and are worthily filled. The real difficulty felt in making them is owing to the fact that their meaning is not clearly defined, and so the necessary qualifications are sometimes mistaken.

On this point it is necessary to be quite accurate. It has already been said that

these considerations do not apply to the professors of the physical sciences, who have to carry on the chief part of the education in their several branches. The physical sciences require, of course, for their study laboratories and museums which colleges cannot erect each for themselves. The university buildings and the university teachers have consequently to give the chief part of the education in these subjects. There is also one other exception,—that of the professors of divinity, attendance at whose lectures is required by the bishops from all candidates for ordination. Hence the chief part of the education given to theological students is given by the professors.

This puts the professors of these two branches of knowledge at a disadvantage when compared with the others. The representatives of physical science claim with justice many new professorships to enable them to carry on satisfactorily the double work of teaching and study which falls upon them. As regards theology, Mr. Cheyne, in the volume before us, puts forward a strong claim for the foundation of professorships in critical theology. He urges with great cogency that professors whose business it is to teach candidates for ordination cannot be in the forefront of scientific investigation. "The object of an investigator is to discover truth: that of a beneficed clergyman to foster the religious life of his people." The teacher whose duty it is to educate the clergy will not aim at kindling too far the spirit of investigation. If critical and historical theology is to flourish in England it must be by its recognition and endowment as something apart from the duties of a teaching professor.

It must not, however, be concluded that it is inherent in the nature of things that study and education should be separated; exceptional causes at present bring about the divorce. The student would desire, if he could only find a sympathetic audience, to talk from time to time about the processes, methods and results of his own studies; and this ought to be the highest and best kind of teaching which a young man could receive. But so long as educational results are to be subjected to the test of a competitive examination no undergraduate can afford the time to listen to a student talking about the subject which he has studied: he has more than enough to do in listening to tutors who are retailing to him the contents of note-books, the judicious compilation of which enabled them to get first classes a year or two before. The examination system may be an admirable means of stimulating young men to acquire a great mass of varied information and to develop readiness of thought and expression; but it does not kindle in them a thirst for knowledge. Until this influence of the examination system has been in some degree abated, of which there are very slight signs at present, the class of students must stand outside the educational work of the universities.

The contention of this volume of essays is that the endowment of research is a fitting object for the employment of academical revenues. It is not urged that academical revenues should be devoted to that purpose exclusively. Subsidies to education may still be maintained in the way of scholarships, and in the maintenance of some teaching professors. Prize fellowships of a smaller value than at present, and of a limited duration of tenure, might still serve to give young men some other motive for submitting to be educated than the one desire of knowledge, and might serve to start them in some practical career. Much has been said lately of the use of prize fellowships in enabling men of culture to devote themselves to liberal professions. It ought not to be forgotten that this argument can be carried too far. The feeling of unlimited tenure of a fellowship tends to blunt the keenness of a man's practical energies. One who knew that his fellowship would end in five years would probably have advanced further in his profession at the end of that time than one who felt he was sure of a maintenance for life. A prize fellowship is a great encouragement to that dilettante spirit of superiority to the common aspects of life which is so often made a reproach to the results of a university education. If it

is desirable to bribe superior persons to take to the legal or medical professions, it is equally desirable to make them find as soon as possible their only career in the profession which they have chosen.

Prize fellowships might be retained, education subsidised, and museums built —yet still something might be left for the encouragement of students. It matters little what these students are called, whether professors or not. But it is needless any longer to think that jobbery in the election to offices is effectually barred by setting professors to compete vainly with college tutors and to lecture to a miserable class of two or three undergraduates who seem to have strayed into the lecture-room by accident. If the duties of professors were recognised as being primarily those of research, they might be trusted to be willing and anxious to lecture whenever they could obtain a sympathetic audience. If the fulfilment of the duties of a student was the thing which was most carefully exacted, the desire for the stimulus obtainable only by seeing ideas take shape in another mind would alone be sufficient to insure the highest educational work that can be done.

So far from being useless to education, such a body of men would, by their mere existence in the university, render the greatest services to it. They would embody the idea of the value of knowledge for its own sake. They would be a protest against the feverish sophistry which the present system of examinations inevitably generates. They would react upon the tutors and would direct them in their studies. They would co-ordinate and organise a system of mature study in which those who had but little time to spare could at least take a useful, though small, part. That there are such students at the universities, and that their usefulness is there recognised, cannot be denied, and is the strongest argument for the systematic extension of their number. It was instructive to notice the case of Professor Max Müller. Oxford would not give him a professorship in the subject which was peculiarly his own; nor could Professor Max Müller get together a class to attend lectures on the subjects which he was studying. Still, when the general unsatisfactoriness of such a position at last led him to think of leaving Oxford, it was felt on all hands that his presence there had been of the greatest value to every aspect of the university. It was agreed that any step must be taken which would retain him there.

This volume of essays pleads for the general recognition of principles which would aim at making our universities the homes of more men like Professor Max Müller.

M. Creighton.

The death of Mr. Henry Kingsley at the early age of 45, cannot be overlooked by the conductors of this magazine, to which his pen contributed many bright and welcome pages. Those who knew him, best recognised the gentle, shrewd, original cast of his genius and his kindly and affectionate nature. They will often think with love and regret of the too brief career which disease and death have closed.

A. M.